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THE
POETICAL WORKS

OF
EDWARD YOUNG

IN FOUR VOLUMES.
COLLECTED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY
THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.R.S.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

Printed at the Anchorage Press,

BY WHEATCROFT AND SON,
Newell Street.

ALSO BY SELLBY, EVANS, AND OTHERS, &c.,
STATIONERS' COURT, LUDGATE STREET; THAMES-
SIDE, BRIDGEMAN; AND TAYLOR AND HENRY, ST. J.
STREET.

1811.



Accepted by the Editor

John R. ...

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EPISTLES.

TO MR. POPE,

CONCERNING THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

M.DCC.XXX.

WHILST you at Twick'nam plan the future wood,
Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,
Our senate meets ; at parties parties bawl,
And pamphlets stun the streets and load the stall :
So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,
Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight ;
The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
And Codrus' prose works up, and Lico's strains.
Lo ! what from cellars rise, what rush from high,
Where Speculation roosted near the sky ;
Letters, essays, sock, buskin, satire, song,
And all the garret thunders on the throng !

O Pope ! I burst ; nor can, nor will, refrain ;
I'll write ; let others, in their turn, complain.
Truce, truce, ye Vandals : my tormented ear
Less dreads a pillory than pamphleteer :
I've heard myself to death ; and, plagued each hour,
Shan't I return the vengeance in my pow'r ?
For who can write the true absurd like me ?——
Thy pardon, Codrus ! who, I mean, but thee ?

Pópe! if like mine or Codrus' were thy style,
The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file;
Merit less solid less despite had bred;
They had not bit, and then they had not bled.
Fame is a public mistress none enjoys,
But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys:
With fame, in just proportion, envy grows;
The man that makes a character makes foes.
Slight peevish insects round a genius rise,
As a bright day awakes the world of flies;
With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
(To show they live) they flutter, and they sting;
But as by depredations wasps proclaim
The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

Shall we not censure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous or champagne?
Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme;
The college sloven, or embroider'd spark;
The purple prelate, or the parish-clerk;
The quiet quidnunc, or demanding prig;
The plaintiff tory, or defendant whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad;
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite;
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune the reeds,
And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds;
For bankrupts write when ruin'd shops are shut,
As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut:
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
By thriving men subsists each other trade;
Of every broken craft a writer's made:

Thus his material, paper, takes its birth
From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.

Hail, fruitful Isle! to thee alone belong
Millions of wits, and brokers in old song;
Thee well a land of Liberty we name,
Where all are free to scandal and to shame;
Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,
And be mankind's contempt whene'er they please;
Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
Is unperceiv'd, but when it gives offence:
Their heavy prose our injur'd reason tires;
Their verse immoral kindles loose desires:
Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.

What glorious motives urge our authors on
Thus to undo, and thus to be undone?
One loses his estate, and down he sits,
To show (in vain) he still retains his wits:
Another marries, and his dear proves keen;
He writes, as an hypnotic for the spleen:
Some write, confin'd by physic; some, by debt;
Some, for 'tis Sunday; some, because 'tis wet:
Through private pique some do the public right,
And love their king and country out of spite:
Another writes because his father writ,
And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound?
Neither: why write then? he wants twenty pound!
His belly, not his brains, this impulse give;
He'll grow immortal, for he cannot live:
He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
With no provision made, but of his theme:
Perhaps a title has his fancy smit,
Or a quaint motto, which he thinks has wit:

He writes, in inspiration puts his trust, [just ;
Though wrong his thoughts, the gods will make them
Genius directly from the gods descends,
And who by labour would distrust his friends ?
Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
In immortality he dips his quill ;
And, since blank paper is denied the press,
He mingles the whole alphabet by guess ;
In various sets, which various words compose,
Of which he hopes mankind the meaning knows.

So sounds spontaneous from the sybil broke,
Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke ;
The priests found out the meaning if they cou'd,
And nations star'd at what none understood.

Clodio dress'd, danc'd, drank, visited, (the whole
And great concern of an immortal soul !)
Oft have I said, ' Awake ! exist ! and strive
For birth ! nor think to loiter is to live !'
As oft I overheard the demon say,
Who daily met the loiterer in his way, [plies,
' I'll meet thee, youth ! at White's.' The youth re-
' I'll meet thee there ;' and falls his sacrifice :
His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
To every bribe, and blind to every snare.
Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,
Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.
Such heroes have we ! all but life they stake ;
How must Spain tremble, and the German shake ?
Such writers have we ! all but sense they print ;
Ev'n George's praise is dated from the Mint.
In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.
Reform your lives before ye thus aspire,
And steal (for you can steal) celestial fire.

O the just contrast ! O the beauteous strife !
 'Twixt their cool writings and Pindaric life :
 They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire ;
 They cheat the lender, and their works the buyer.

I reverence misfortune, not deride ;
 I pity poverty, but laugh at pride :
 For who so sad but must some mirth confess
 At gay Castruchio's miscellaneous dress ?
 Though there's but one of the dull works he wrote,
 There's ten editions of his old lac'd coat.

These, Nature's commoners, who want a home,
 Claim the wide world for their majestic dome ;
 They make a private study of the street,
 And, looking full on every man they meet,
 Run souse against his chaps, who stands amaz'd
 To find they did not see, but only gaz'd.
 How must these bards be rapt into the skies ?
 You need not read, you feel their ecstasies.

Will they persist ? 'tis madness. Lin'ot, run,
 See them confin'd.—' O, that's already done.'
 Most, as by leases, by the works they print,
 Have took, for life, possession of the Mint.
 If you mistake, and pity these poor men ;
 '*Est Ulubris*,' they cry, and write again.

Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,
 And then pronounce just judges learning's foes.
 O frail conclusion ! the reverse is true ;
 If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you :
 Treat them, ye judges ! with an honest scorn,
 And weed the cockle from the generous corn :
 There's true good-nature in your disrespect ;
 In justice to the good, the bad neglect :
 For immortality if hardships plead,
 It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O ! what wisdom can convince a fool
But that 'tis dulness to conceive him dull ?
'Tis sad experience takes the censor's part,
Conviction not from reason, but from smart.

A virgin-author, recent from the press,
The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success ;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
Those in his hand, and glory in his head ;
'Tis joy too great ; a fever of delight !
His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night ;
But rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
He finds that without sleeping he could dream.
So sparks, they say, take goddesses to bed,
And find next day the devil in their stead.

In vain advertisements the town o'erspread ;
They're epitaphs, and say ' the work is dead.'
Who press for fame, but small recruits will raise ;
'Tis volunteers alone can give the bays.

A famous author visits a great man,
Of his immortal work displays the plan,
And says, ' Sir, I'm your friend ; all fear dismiss ;
Your glory, and my own, shall live by this ;
Your power is fix'd, your fame through time convey'd,
And Britain Europe's queen—If I am paid.'
A statesman has his answer in a trice ;
' Sir, such a genius is beyond all price ;
What man can pay for this ?'—Away he turns,
His work is folded, and his bosom burns :
His patron he will patronise no more,
But rushes like a tempest out of door.
Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name !
Out comes the piece, another, and the same ;
For A, his magic pen evokes an O,
And turns the tide of Europe on the foe ;

He rams his quill with scandal and with scoff,
But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off:
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar,
But when once publish'd, they are heard no more:
Thus distant bugbears fright; but nearer draw,
The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.

Can those oblige whose heads and hearts are such?
No: every party's tainted by their touch.
Infected persons fly each public place,
And none, or enemies alone, embrace:
To the foul fiend their every passion's sold;
They love and hate, *extempore*, for gold.
What image of their fury can we form?
Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.
Rest they in peace? If you are pleas'd to buy,
To swell your sails, like Lapland winds they fly.
Write they with rage? the tempest quickly flags;
A state-Ulysses tames 'em with his bags:
Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew,
For Christian ministers of state are few.

Behind the curtain lurks the fountain-head
That pours his politics through pipes of lead,
Which far and near ejaculate and spout,
O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout;
But when they have bespatter'd all they may,
The statesman throws his filthy squirts away!

With golden forceps these another takes,
And state-elixirs of the vipers makes.

The richest statesman wants wherewith to pay
A servile sycophant, if well they weigh
How much it costs the wretch to be so base;
Nor can the greatest powers enough disgrace,
Enough chastise, such prostitute applause,
If well they weigh how much it stains their cause.

But are our writers ever in the wrong?
 Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?
 Yes; if well-brib'd, for virtue's self they fight;
 Still in the wrong, though champions for the right;
 Whoe'er their crimes for interest only quit,
 Sin on in virtue, and good deeds commit.

Nought but inconstancy Britannia meets,
 And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets.
 From the same hand how various is the page?
 What civil war their brother pamphlets wage?
 Tracts battle tracts, self-contradictions glare;
 Say, is this lunacy?— I wish it were.
 If such our writers, startled at the sight,
 Felons may bless their stars they cannot write!

How justly Protens' transmigrations fit
 The monstrous changes of a modern Wit?
 Now such a gentle stream of eloquence,
 As seldom rises to the verge of sense;
 Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a flame,
 Which yet fit engines, well applied, can tame;
 Now, on immodest trash the swine obscene,
 Invites the Town to sup at Drury-lane;
 A dreadful lion, now he roars at pow'r,
 Which sends him to his brothers at the Tow'r;
 He's now a serpent, and his double tongue
 Salutes, nay licks, the feet of those he stung.
 What knot can bind him, his evasion such?
 One knot he well deserves, which might do much.

The flood, flame, swine, the lion, and the snake,
 Those five-fold monsters modern authors make.
 The snake reigns most; snakes, Pliny says, are bred
 When the brain's perish'd in a human head.
 Ye grovelling, trodden, wlupt, stript, turncoat things,
 Made up of venom, volumes, stains, and stings!

Thrown from the tree of knowledge, like you, curs'd
To scribble in the dust, was snake the first.

What if the figure should in fact prove true?
It did in Elkanah ¹, why not in you?
Poor Elkanah, all other changes past,
For bread in Smithfield dragons hiss'd at last,
Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
And found his manners suited to his shape.
Such is the fate of talents misapplied;
So liv'd your prototype, and so he died.

The' abandon'd manners of our writing train
May tempt mankind to think religion vain;
But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
That gods there are is eminently seen:
Heaven stands absolv'd by vengeance on their pen,
And marks the murderers of fame from men:
Through meagre jaws they draw their venal breath,
As ghastly as their brothers in Macbeth:
Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,
And oft'ner chang'd their principles than shirt:
The transient vestments of these frugal men
Hasten to paper for our mirth again:
Too soon (O merry-melancholy fate!)
They beg in rhyme, and warble through a grate:
The man lampoon'd, forgets it at the sight;
The friend through pity gives, the foe through spite;
And though full conscious of his injur'd purse,
Lintot relents, nor Curll can wish them worse.
So fare the men who writers dare commence
Without their patent, probity and sense.

From these their politics our quidnuncs seek,
And Saturday's the learning of the week:

¹ Elkanah Settle, the city-poet.

These labouring wits, like paviors, mend our ways
 With heavy, huge, repeated, flat essays ; [dull,
 Ram their coarse nonsense down, though ne'er so
 And hem at every thump upon your scull :
 These stannch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
 And honest Folly echoes to the lie.
 O how I laugh when I a blockhead see
 Thanking a villain for his probity ;
 Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
 With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer :
 It tickles through my soul to hear the cock's
 Sincere encomium on his friend the fox,
 Sole patron of his liberties and rights !
 While graceless reynard listens—till he bites.

As when the trumpet sounds, the o'erloaded state
 Discharges all her poor and profligate,
 Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
 And prisons pour their filth into the field :
 Thus Nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
 Compose the black militia of the pen.

TO MR. POPE.

FROM OXFORD.

ALL write at London ; shall the rage abate
 Here, where it most should shine, the Muses' seat ?
 Where, mortal or immortal, as they please,
 The learn'd may choose eternity or ease ?
 Has not a royal patron¹ wisely strove
 To woo the Muse in her Athenian grove ?

¹ King George the First's benefaction for modern languages.

Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
 And giv'n new tongues to those who spoke so well?
 Let these instruct, with truth's illustrious ray
 Awake the world, and scare our owls away.

Meanwhile, O friend! indulge me, if I give
 Some needful precepts how to write and live;
 Serious should be an author's final views:
 Who write for pure amusement ne'er amuse.

An author! 'tis a venerable name!
 How few deserve it, and what numbers claim?
 Unbless'd with sense above their peers refin'd,
 Who shall stand up dictators to mankind?
 Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause?
 That sole proprietor of just applause.

Ye restless men! who pant for letter'd praise,
 With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—
 With those great authors whose fam'd works you
 . . . read?

'Tis well; go then, consult the laurell'd shade,
 What answer will the laurell'd shade return?
 Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn
 The noblest works his envied genius writ,
 That boast of nought more excellent than wit.
 If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
 Woe to the page which has not that to plead!
 Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote
 The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:
 Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of Fame,
 Condemn'd the charm of ages to the flame.
 And in one point is all true wisdom cast;
 To think that early, we must think at last.

Immortal wits, ev'n dead, break nature's laws,
 Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause;

And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
(Revers'd ambition!) pant to be forgot.

Thus ends your courted fame : does lucre then,
The sacred thirst of gold, betray your pen?
In prose 'tis blameable, in verse 'tis worse,
Provokes the Muse, extorts Apollo's curse;
His sacred influence never should be sold;
'Tis arrant simony to sing for gold :
'Tis immortality should fire your mind :
Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.

If bribes you seek, know this, ye writing tribe !
Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe :
All's on the party of the virtuous man :
The good will surely serve him if they can ;
The bad, when interest or ambition guide,
And 'tis at once their interest and their pride ;
But should both fail to take him to their care,
He boasts a greater friend, and both may spare.

Letters to man uncommon light dispense,
And what is virtue but superior sense ?
In parts and learning you who place your pride,
Your faults are crimes, your crimes are double-dy'd.
What is a scandal of the first renown,
But letter'd knaves, and atheists in a gown ?

'Tis harder far to please than give offence ;
The least misconduct damns the brightest sense ;
Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name,
Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impressions deep
On those that o'er a page of Milton sleep :
Nor in their dulness think to save your shame ;
True, these are fools ; but wise men say the same.

Wits are a despicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen ;

When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
And play the fool, because they're men of sense.
What instances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their genius brought?
Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone?
Nature has shown, by making it so rare,
That wit's a jewel which we need not wear :
Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made :
With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Prudence protects and guides us ; wit betrays,
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways ;
A certain snare to miseries immense,
A gay prerogative from common sense ;
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.

But grant your judgment equal to the best,
Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast ;
Yet still forbear : your wit (consider well)
'Tis great to show, but greater to conceal ;
As it is great to seize the golden prize
Of place or power, but greater to despise.

If still you languish for an author's name,
Think private merit less than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live ;
Deserve, and take the great prerogative :
But ponder what it is, how dear 'twill cost
To write one page which you may justly boast.

Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press ;
Who write, an awful character profess ;
The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
And for their stipend an immortal fame.

Nothing but what is solid or refin'd
Should dare ask public audience of mankind.

Severely weigh your learning and your wit ;
Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ :
No writer, fam'd in your own way, pass o'er ;
Much trust example, but reflection more :
More had the ancients writ, they more had taught,
Which shows some work is left for modern thought.

This weigh'd, perfection know, and known, adore,
Toil, burn for that, but do not aim at more :
Above, beneath it, the just limits fix,
And zealously prefer four lines to six.

Write and re-write, blot out and write again,
And for its swiftness ne'er applaud your pen ;
Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praise ;
Slow runs the Pegasus that wins the bays.
Much time for immortality to pay
Is just and wise ; for less is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain ;
Time is the father, and the midwife Pain :
The same good sense that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downright impossibilities they seek :
What man can be immortal in a week ?

Excuse no fault, though beautiful 'twill harm ;
One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctness : Addison
And you this commendable hurt have done :
Now writers find, as once Achilles found,
The whole is mortal, if a part's unsound.

He that strikes out, and strikes not out the best,
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest ;
Give e'er so little, if what's right be there,
We praise for what you burn, and what you spare :

The part you burn smells sweet before the shrine,
And is as incense to the part divine.

Nor frequent write, though you can do it well ;
Men may too oft, though not too much excel ;
A few good works gain fame ; more sink their
price ;

Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice :
They granted you writ well ; what can they more,
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er ?

Do boldly what you do, and let your page
Smile, if it smiles ; and if it rages, rage.
So faintly Lucius censures and commends,
That Lucius has no foes, except his friends.

Let satire less engage you than applause ;
It shows a generous mind to wink at flaws.
Is genius yours ? be yours a glorious end,
Be your king's, country's, truth's, religion's friend.
The public glory by your own beget ;
Run nations, run posterity, in debt ;
And since the fam'd alone make others live,
First have that glory you presume to give.

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man ;
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.
Satire recoils whenever charg'd too high ;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good-breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Painters and surgeons may the structure scan,
Genius and morals be with you the man ;
Defaults in those alone should give offence ;
Who strikes the person pleads his innocence.
My narrow-minded satire can't extend
To Codrus' form ; I'm not so much his friend :

Himself should publish that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.

Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin, or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.

Is that call'd humour? it has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, nor sense.

Unless you boast the genius of a Swift,
Beware of humour, the dull rogue's last shift.

Can others write like you? your task give o'er;
'Tis printing what was publish'd long before.

If nought peculiar through your labours run,
They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.

Think frequently, think close, read nature, turn
Men's manners o'er, and half your volumes burn.

To nurse with quick reflection be your strife,
Thoughts born from present objects warm from
life :

When most unsought such inspirations rise,
Slighted by fools, and cherish'd by the wise;
Expect peculiar fame from these alone;
These make an author, these are all your own.

Life, like their Bibles, coolly men turn o'er,
Hence unexperienc'd children of threescore.
True, all men think of course, as all men dream,
And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.

Letters admit not of a half-renown;
They give you nothing, or they give a crown.
No work e'er gain'd true fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man.

Weighty the subject, cogent the discourse;
Clear be the style, the very sound of force;
Easy the conduct, simple the design,
Striking the moral, and the soul divine.

Let nature art, and judgment wit exceed ;
 O'er learning reason reign, o'er that your creed ;
 Thus virtue's seeds at once, and laurels, grow ;
 Do thus, and rise a Pope or a Despreau² ;
 And when your genius exquisitely shines,
 Live up to the full lustre of your lines.
 Parts but expose those men who virtue quit ;
 A fallen angel is a fallen wit ;
 And they plead Lucifer's detested cause,
 Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
 Would you restore just honours to the pen ?
 From able writers rise to worthy men. [strain ?
 ' Who's this with nonsense nonsense would re-
 Who's this (they cry) so vainly schools the vain ?
 Who damns our trash with so much trash replete ?
 As, three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at meat ?
 Shall I with Bavius, then, my voice exalt,
 And challenge all mankind to find one fault ?
 With huge examens overwhelm my page,
 And darken reason with dogmatic rage ?
 As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
 In prose a duller could excuse the crime ?
 Sure next to writing, the most idle thing
 Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.
 At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,
 Which nothing can intimidate or bribe :
 Time is the judge ; Time has nor friend nor foe ;
 False fame must wither, and the true will grow.
 Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy ;
 For if I fall, by my own pen I die ;
 While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless pain,
 To wound immortals, or to slay the slain.

² Mons. Boileau Despreaux.

Sore press'd with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets levell'd at my head,
Thus have I forg'd a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to serve me this campaign!
And safely hope to quit the dreadful field
Delug'd with ink, and sleep behind my shield;
Unless dire Codrus rouses to the fray
In all his might, and damns me—for a day.

As turns a flock of geese, and on the green
Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,
(Ridiculous in rage!) to hiss, not bite,
So war their quills when sons of Dulness write.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

WHEN Rome, my lord, in her full glory shone,
And great Augustus rul'd the globe alone;
While suppliant kings, in all their pomp and state,
Swarm'd in his courts and throng'd his palace-gate,
Horace did oft the mighty man detain,
And sooth'd his breast with no ignoble strain;
Now soar'd aloft, now struck an humbler string,
And taught the Roman genius how to sing.

Pardon, if I his freedom dare pursue,
Who know no want of Cæsar, finding you;
The Muses' friend is pleas'd the Muse should press
Through circling crowds, and labour for access?
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And shining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world industrious to proclaim
His love of arts, and boast the glorious flame.

Long has the Western world reclin'd her head,
Pour'd forth her sorrow, and bewail'd her deal;
Fell Discord through her borders fiercely rang'd,
And shook her nations, and her monarchs chang'd;
By land and sea its utmost rage employ'd,
Nor Heaven repair'd so fast as men destroy'd.

In vain kind summers plenteous fields bestow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd;
Alarms from loaden boards all pleasure chas'd,
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taste:
The smiles of Nature could no blessing bring,
The fruitful autumn, or the flowery spring:
Time was distinguish'd by the sword and spear,
Not by the various aspects of the year;
The trumpet's sound proclaim'd a milder sky,
And bloodshed told us when the sun was nigh.

But now, (so soon is Britain's blessing seen,
When such as you are near her glorious Queen!)
Now Peace, though long repuls'd, arrives at last,
And bids us smile on all our labours past;
Bids every nation cease her wonted moan,
And every monarch call his crown his own:
To valour gentler virtues now succeed;
No longer is the great man born to bleed:
Renown'd in council, brave Argyle shall tell,
Wisdom and prowess in one breast may dwell;
Through milder tracts he soars to deathless fame,
And without trembling we resound his name.

No more the rising harvest whets the sword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord;
Who cast the seed the golden sheaf shall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the master's name:
Each stream, unstain'd with blood, more smoothly
The brighter sun a fuller day bestows; [flows,

All nature seems to wear a cheerful face,
And thank great Anna for returning peace.

The patient thus, when on his bed of pain
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But rises to new life, in every field
He finds Elysium, rivers nectar yield ;
Nothing so cheap and vulgar but can please,
And borrow beauties from his late disease.

Nor is it peace alone, but such a peace
As more than bids the rage of battle cease.
Death may determine war, and rest succeed,
'Cause nought survives on which our rage may feed ;
In faithful friends we lose our glorious foes,
And strifes of love exalt our sweet repose.
See graceful Bolingbroke, your friend, advance,
Nor miss his Lansdown in the court of France ;
So well receiv'd, so welcome, so at home,
(Bless'd change of fate!) in Bourbon's stately dome,
The monarch pleas'd, descending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own ;
He claims a part ; and looking round to find
Something might speak the fulness of his mind,
A diamond shines, which oft had touch'd him near,
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear ;
Now first with joy beheld, well plac'd on one
Who makes him less regret his darling son :
So dear is Anna's minister, so great
Your glorious friend in his own private state.

To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does Nature interpose the raging main ;
The Gallic shore to distant Britain grows,
For Lewis, Thames ; the Seine for Anna flows :
From conflicts past each other's worth we find,
And thence in stricter friendship now are join'd ;

Each wound receiv'd now pleads the cause of
love,

And former injuries endearments prove.

What Briton but must prize the' illustrious sword
That cause of fear to Churchill could afford?

Who sworn to Bourbon's sceptre, but must frame
Vast thoughts of him that could brave Tallard tame?

Thus generous hatred in affection ends,
And war which rais'd the foes, completes the friends.

A thousand happy consequences flow,

(The dazzling prospect makes my bosom glow)

Commerce shall lift her swelling sails, and roll

Her wealthy fleets secure from pole to pole.

The British merchant, who, with care and pain,

For many moons sees only skies and main,

When now, in view of his lov'd native shore,

The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,

Cause to regret his wealth no more shall find,

Nor curse the mercy of the sea and wind ;

By hardest fate condemn'd to serve a foe,

And give him strength to strike a deeper blow.

Sweet Philomela providently flies

To distant woods and streams for such supplies,

To feed her young, and make them try the wing,

And with their tender notes attempt to sing :

Meanwhile the fowler spreads his secret snare,

And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.

Britannia's bold adventurer, of late,

The foaming ocean plough'd with equal fate.

Goodness is greatness in its utmost height,

And power a curse, if not a friend to right.

To conquer is to make dissention cease,

That man may serve the King of kings in peace

Religion now shall all her rays dispense,

And shine abroad in perfect excellence ;

Else may we dread some greater curse at hand,
To scourge a thoughtless and ungrateful land.
Now War is weary, and retir'd to rest ;
The meagre Famine, and the spotted Pest,
Deputed in her stead, may blast the day,
And sweep the relics of the sword away.

When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulness of his glory shone.
Wise Solomon, a stranger to the sword,
Was born to raise a temple to the Lord.
Anne, too, shall build, and every sacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's isle.
'Those mighty souls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force, to bless
The' Almighty Author of their late success.
And what is all the world subdued to this?
The grave sets bounds to sublunary bliss.
But there are conquests to great Anna known,
Above the splendor of an earthly throne ;
Conquests ! whose triumph is too great, within
The scanty bounds of matter to begin ;
Too glorious to shine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkness of the stars and sun,
And shall whole ages past be still, still but begun. }

Heroic shades ! whom war has swept away,
Look down,, and smile on this auspicious day ;
Now boast your deaths, to those your glory tell,
Who or at Agincourt or Cressy fell,
Then deep into eternity retire ;
Of greater things than peace or war inquire ;
Fully content, and unconcern'd to know
What further passes in the world below.

The bravest of mankind shall now have leave
To die but once, nor piece-meal seek the grave ;

On gain or pleasure bent, we shall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each street,
(Owners of bones dispers'd on Flandria's plain,
Or wasting in the bottom of the main)
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear
Lest it an insult of their woes appear,
And make us grudge ourselves that wealth their
blood

Perhaps preserv'd, who starve or beg for food.
Devotion shall run pure, and disengage
From that strange fate of mixing peace with rage,
On Heaven without a sin we now may call,
And guiltless to our Maker prostrate fall ;
Be Christians while we pray ; nor in one breath
Ask mercy for ourselves, for others death.

But, O ! I view with transport arts restor'd,
Which double use to Britain shall afford,
Secure her glory purchas'd in the field,
And yet for future peace sweet motives yield ;
While we contemplate, on the painted wall,
The pressing Briton and the flying Gaul,
In such bright images, such living grace,
As leave great Raphael but the second place ;
Our cheeks shall glow, our heaving bosoms rise,
And martial ardours sparkle in our eyes ;
Much we shall triumph in our battles past,
And yet consent those battles prove our last,
Lest, while in arms for brighter fame we strive,
We lose the means to keep that fame alive.

In silent groves the birds delight to sing,
Or near the margin of a secret spring :
Now all is calm sweet music shall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurse of love.

But what's the warbling voice, the trembling
string,

Or breathing canvass, when the Muses sing ?
The Muse, my lord, your care above the rest,
With rising joy dilates my partial breast.
The thunder of the battie ceas'd to roar,
Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to soar ;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal ! was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bled :
For Janus shut her Iö Pæans rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil sung.

A thousand various forms the Muse may wear,
(A thousand various forms become the fair)
But shines in none with more majestic mien,
Than when in state she draws the purple scene,
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning Beauty melt the crowded stage ;
Charms back past ages, gives to Britain's use
The noblest virtues time did e'er produce ;
Leaves fam'd historians' boasted art behind ;
They keep the soul alone, and that's confin'd,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy speaks ;
The hero's presence deep impression makes ;
The scenes his soul and body re-unite,
Furnish a voice, produce him to the sight ;
Make our contemporary him that stood
High in renown, perhaps before the flood ;
Make Nestor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our service draw his sword.

More glory to an author what can bring,
Whence nobler service to his country spring,
Than from those labours which, in man's despite,
Possess him with a passion for the right !

With honest magic make the knave inclin'd
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind;
Through all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguish fall in love?

Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wish the glorious pain his own?
Lend but your understanding, and their skill
Can domineer at pleasure o'er your will:
Nor is the short-liv'd conquest quickly past;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert fast.

How often have I seen the generous bowl
With pleasing force unlock a secret soul,
And steal a truth, which every sober hour
(The prose of life) had kept within her pow'r?
The grape victorious often has prevail'd,
When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd;
Yet when the spirit's tumult was allay'd,
She mourn'd, perhaps, the sentiment betray'd;
But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
And on her own confession charge the lie.
Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
Of goodness here, or mercy from above,
Or fear of future pains, or human laws,
Could render advocates in virtue's cause,
Caught by the scene, have unawares resign'd
Their wonted disposition of the mind:
By slow degrees prevails the pleasing tale,
As circling glasses on our senses steal,
'Till throughly by the muses' banquet warm'd,
The passions tossing, all the soul alarm'd,
They turn mere zealots, flush'd with glorious rage,
Rise in their seats, and scarce forbear the stage,
Assistance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
Or turn the poniard on some tyrant king.

How can they cool to villains! how subside
To dregs of vice, from such a godlike pride?
To spoiling orphans how to-day return,
Who wept last night to see Monimia mourn?
In this gay school of virtue whom so fit
To govern and control the world of wit
As Talbot, Lansdown's friend, has Britain known?
Him polish'd Italy has call'd her own;
He in the lap of Elegance was bred,
And trac'd the Muses to their fountain-head;
But much we hope he will enjoy at home
What's nearer ancient than the modern Rome.
Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
When I the British genius would advance:
There, too, has Shrewsbury improv'd his taste,
Yet still we dare invite him to our feast.
For Corneille's sake I shall my thoughts suppress
Of Oroonoko, and presume him less:
What though we wrong him? Isabella's woe
Waters those bays that shall for ever grow.

Our foes confess, nor we the praise refuse,
The drama glories in the British muse.
The French are delicate, and nicely lead
Of close intrigue the labyrinthian thread:
Our genius more affects the grand than fine;
Our strength can make the great plain action shine:
They raise a great curiosity indeed,
From his dark maze to see the hero freed;
We rouse the' affections, and that hero show
Gasping beneath some formidable blow:
They sigh; we weep: the Gallic doubt and care
We heighten into terror and despair;
Strike home, the strongest passions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience should be pleas'd too much.

What's great in nature we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law,
The fate of Cæsar is a tale too plain
The fickle Gallic taste to entertain;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden arras with gay flowers of love :
We know Heav'n made him a far greater man
Than any Cæsar in a human plan ;
And such we draw him, nor are too refin'd,
To stand affected with what Heaven design'd.
To claim attention, and the heart invade,
Shakspeare but wrote the play the' Almighty made :
Our neighbour's stage-art too bare-fac'd betrays ;
'Tis great Corneille at every scene we praise :
On nature's surer aid Britannia calls ;
None think of Shakspeare till the curtain falls ;
Then, with a sigh, returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome.

France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our strong designs ;
That oft they think more justly we must own ;
Not ancient Greece a truer sense has shown :
Greece thought but justly, they think justly too ;
We sometimes err, by striving more to do.
So well are Racine's meanest persons taught,
But change a sentiment you make a fault :
Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame ;
When we boast more, we own ourselves to blame.

And yet in Shakspeare something still I find
That makes me less esteem all human-kind ;
He made one nature, and another found ;
Both in his page with master-strokes abound :
His witches, fairies, and enchanted isle,
Bid us no longer at our nurses smile.

Of lost historians we almost complain,
Nor think it the creation of his brain.
Who lives when his Othello's in a trance?
With his great Talbot ¹, too, he conquer'd France.

Long may we hope brave Talbot's blood will run
In great descendants; Shakspeare has but one;
And him, my lord, permit me not to name,
But in kind silence spare his rival's shame:—
Yet I in vain that author would suppress;
What can't be greater, cannot be made less:
Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim,
And to himself great Agamemnon name. [smile,
Should Shakspeare rise, unblest with Talbot's
Ev'n Shakspeare's self would curse this barren isle:
But if that reigning star propitious shine,
And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine,
Ev'n I, by far the meanest of your age,
Shall not repent my passion for the stage.

Thus did the will-almighty disallow,
No human force could pluck the golden bough,
Which left the tree with ease at Jove's command,
And spar'd the labour of the weakest hand.

Auspicious fate! that gives me leave to write
To you the muse's glory and delight,
Who know to read, nor false encomiums raise,
And mortify an author with your praise.
Praise wounds a noble mind when 'tis not due;
But censure's self will please, my lord, from you.
Faults are our pride and gain, when you descend
To point them out, and teach us how to mend.
What though the great man set his coffers wide,
That cannot gratify the poet's pride,

¹ An ancestor of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakspeare.

Whose inspiration, if 'tis truly good,
Is best rewarded when best understood?
The Muses write for glory, not for gold;
'Tis far beneath their nature to be sold:
The greatest gain is scorn'd, but as it serves
To speak a sense of what the muse deserves;
The muse, which from her Lansdown fears no wrong,
Best judge, as well as subject, of her song.
Should this great theme allure me further still,
And I presume to use your patience ill,
The world would plead my cause, and none but you
Will take disgust at what I now pursue,
Since what is mean my muse can't raise, I'll choose
A theme that's able to exalt my muse.

For who, not void of thought, can Granville name,
Without a spark of his immortal flame:
Whether we seek the patriot or the friend,
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna recommend;
Whether we choose to love or to admire,
You melt the tender, and the' ambitious fire.

Such native graces without thought abound,
And such familiar glories spread around,
As more incline the stander-by to raise
His value for himself, than you to praise.
'Thus you befriend the most heroic way,
Bless all, on none an obligation lay;
So turn'd by Nature's hand for all that's well,
'Tis scarce a virtue when you most excel.

Though sweet your presence, graceful is your
You to be happy want not to be seen; [mien;
Though priz'd in public, you can smile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own:
In throngs, not conscious of those eyes that gaze
In wonder fix'd, though resolute to please,

You, were all blind, would still deserve applause ;
The world's your glory's witness, not its cause ;
That lies beyond the limits of the day,
Angels behold it, and their God obey.

You take delight in others' excellence,
A gift which nature rarely does dispense :
Of all that breathe, 'tis you, perhaps, alone
Would be well pleas'd to see yourself outdone,
You wish not those who show your name respect,
So little worth as might excuse neglect ;
Nor are in pain lest merit you should know,
Nor shun the well-deserver as a foe :
A troublesome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well us'd, or dye your cheek with shame.

You wish your country's good ; that told, so well
Your powers are known the' event I need not tell.
When Nestor spoke, none ask'd if he prevail'd ;
That god of sweet persuasion never fail'd :
And such great fame had Hector's valour wrought,
Who meant he conquer'd only said—he fought.

When you, my Lord, to silvan scenes retreat,
(No crowds around for pleasure or for state)
You are not cast upon a stranger land,
And wander pensive o'er the barren strand ;
Nor are you by receiv'd example taught,
In toys to shun the discipline of thought ;
But, unconfin'd by bounds of time and place,
You choose companions from all human race ;
Converse with those the deluge swept away,
Or those whose midnight is Britannia's day.

Books not so much inform, as give consent
To those ideas your own thoughts present ;
Your only gain, from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cause to like yourself the more.

In Grecian sages you are only taught
 With more respect to value your own thought.
 Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
 Those precepts we behold alive in you.
 Your life is so adjusted to their schools,
 It makes that history they meant for rules.
 What joy, what pleasing transport, must arise
 Within your breast, and lift you to the skies,
 When in each learned page that you unfold,
 You find some part of your own conduct told?
 So pleas'd, and so surpris'd, Æneas stood,
 And such triumphant raptures fir'd his blood,
 When far from Trojan shore the hero spied
 His story shining forth in all its pride;
 Admir'd himself, and saw his actions stand
 The praise and wonder of a foreign land.

He knows not half his being who's confin'd
 In converse, and reflection on mankind:
 Your soul, which understands her charter well,
 Disdains imprison'd by those skies to dwell;
 Ranges eternity without the leave
 Of death, nor waits the passage of the grave.

When pains eternal, and eternal bliss,
 When these high cares your weary thoughts dismiss,
 In heavenly numbers you your soul unbend,
 And for your ease to deathless fame descend.
 Ye kings! would ye true greatness understand?
 Read Seneca, grown rich in Granville's hand².

Behold the glories of your life complete!
 Still at a flow, and permanently great:
 New moments shed new pleasures as they fly,
 And yet your greatest is—that you must die.

² See his Lordship's tragedy, entitled, *Heroic Love*.

Thus Anna saw, and rais'd you to the seat
Of honour, and confess'd her servant great ;
Confess'd, not made him such ; for faithful Fame
Her trumpet swell'd long since with Granville's name.
Though you in modesty the title wear,
Your name shall be the title of your heir,
Further than ermine make his glory known,
And cast in shades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high distinction springs,
The soul's endowments from the King of kings.
Lo, one great day calls forth ten mighty peers !
Produce ten Granvilles in five thousand years.
Anna ! be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and control the great ;
But, O ! to bid thy Granville brighter shine !
To him that great prerogative resign,
Who the sun's height can raise at pleasure higher,
His lamp illumine, set his flames on fire.

Yet still one bliss, one glory, I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear ;
That lovely youth, my lord, whom you must blame
That I grow thus familiar with your name.

He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice ;
Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice :
Vice he has none, or such as none wish less,
But friends, indeed—good-nature in excess.
You cannot boast the merit of a choice
In making him your own ; 'twas Nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood,
Pleading a tie far nearer than by blood ;
Similitude of manners, such a mind,
As makes you less the wonder of mankind.
Such ease his common converse recommends,
As he ne'er felt a passion, but his friend's ;

Yet fix'd his principles beyond the force
Of all beneath the sun to bend his course³.

Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air,
Salutes each passing breeze with head reclin'd,
The pliant branches dance in every wind;
But fix'd the stem, her upright state maintains,
And all the fury of the north disdains.
How are ye bless'd in such a matchless friend!
Alas! with me the joys of friendship end.
O Harrison! I must, I will complain;
Tears soothe the soul's distress, though shed in vain.
Didst thou return, and bless thy native shore
With welcome peace, and is my friend no more!—
Thy task was early done, and I must own
Death kind to thee, but, ah! to thee alone.

But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorn;
Strafford and Bolingbroke the loss perceive;
They grieve, and make thee envied in thy grave.

With aching heart, and a foreboding mind,
I night to day in painful journey join'd,
When first inform'd of his approaching fate,
But reach'd the partner of my soul too late,
'Twas past: his cheek was cold; that tuneful tongue,
Which Isis charm'd with its melodious song,
Now languish'd, wanted strength to speak his pain,
Scarce rais'd a feeble groan, and sunk again:
Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.
To what serv'd all his promis'd wealth and power
But more to load that most unhappy hour?

³ His Lordship's nephew, who took orders.

Yet still prevail'd the greatness of his mind,
That not in health, or life itself, confin'd,
Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
Mounted to joy, and smil'd in Death's embrace ⁴.

His spirit now just ready to resign,
No longer now his own, no longer mine,
He grasps my hand, his swimming eyeballs roll ;
My hand he grasps, and enters in my soul ;
Then with a groan—' Support me.'—O ! beware
Of holding worth, however great, too dear !

Pardon, my lord, the privilege of grief,
That in untimely freedom seeks relief :
To better fate your love I recommend ;
O may you never lose so dear a friend !
May nothing interrupt your happy hours !
Enjoy the blessings peace on Europe show's :
Nor yet disdain these blessings to adorn ;
To make the muse immortal you was born.
Sing ; and in latest time, when story's dark,
This period your surviving fame shall mark ;
Save from the gulf of years this glorious age,
And thus illustrate their historian's page.

The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
And Anna Britain sway'd, when Granville sung ;
That noted year Europa sheath'd her sword,
When this great man was first saluted Lord.

⁴ The Author here bewails that most ingenious gentleman
Mr. William Harrison, fellow of New-College, Oxon.

TO MR. ADDISON,

ON THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT do we see! is Cato then become
 A greater name in Britain than in Rome?
 Does mankind now admire his virtues more;
 Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil wrote before?
 How will posterity this truth explain,
 'Cato begins to live in Anna's reign.'
 The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
 Rise in your lines, with more exalted charms;
 Illustrious deeds, in distant nations wrought,
 And virtues, by departed heroes taught,
 Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
 Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame.
 To your renown all ages you subdue,
 And Cæsar fought and Cato bled for you.

TO JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.

Secretary to their Excellencies the Lords Justices in the
 year 1714.

 ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE, AND THE
 ACCESSION OF KING GEORGE.

—Gaudia curis,

HOR.

SIR! I have long, and with impatience, sought
 To ease the fulness of my grateful thought,
 My fame at once and duty to pursue,
 And please the public by respect to you.

Though you, long since beyond Britanniaknown,
Have spread your country's glory with your own,
To me you never did more lovely shine,
Than when so late the kindled wrath divine
Quench'd our ambition in great Anna's fate,
And darken'd all the pomp of human state.
Though you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Though rais'd in life, and greatness fade away,
Your lustre brightens ; virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.

Know, Sir ! the great esteem and honour due
I chose, that moment to profess to you,
When sadness reign'd, when fortune so severe
Had warm'd our bosoms to be most sincere,
And when no motive could have force to raise
A serious value, and provoke my praise,
But such as rise above, and far transcend,
Whatever glories with this world shall end,
Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall blot,
The sun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.

I sing !—but, ah ! my theme I need not tell,
See every eye with conscious sorrow swell :
Who now to verse would raise his humble voice,
Can only show his duty, not his choice,
How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain !
We languish, and to speak is to complain.

Let us look back, (for who too oft can view
That most illustrious scene, for ever new !)
See all the seasons shine on Anna's throne,
And pay a constant tribute, not their own.
Her summer heats nor fruits alone bestow,
They reap the harvest, and subdue the foe ;
And when black storms confess the distant sun,
Her winters wear the wreaths her summers won :

Revolving pleasures in their turn appear,
And triumphs are the product of the year.
To crown the whole, great joys in greater cease,
And glorious victory is lost in peace.

Whence this profusion on our favour'd isle !
Did partial Fortune on our virtue smile ?
Or did the sceptre, in great Anna's hand,
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land ?
Ungrateful Britain ! quit thy groundless claim ;
Thy Queen and thy good fortune are the same.

Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the sky ;
'Tis Anna reigns ; the Gallic squadrons fly.
We spread our canvass to the southern shore ;
'Tis Anna reigns ! the South resigns her store.
Her virtue smooths the tumult of the main,
And swells the field with mountains of the slain ;
Argyle and Churchill but the glory share,
While millions lie subdued by Anna's pray'r.

How great her zeal ! how fervent her desire !
How did her soul in holy warmth expire !
Constant devotion did her time divide,
Not set returns of pleasure or of pride ;
Not want of rest, or the sun's parting ray,
But finish'd duty, limited the day.
How sweet succeeding sleep ! what lovely themes
Smil'd in her thoughts, and soften'd all her dreams !
Her royal couch descending angels spread,
And join their wings, a shelter o'er her head.

Though Europe's wealth and glory claim'd a part,
Religion's cause reign'd mistress of her heart ;
She saw, and griev'd, to see the mean estate
Of those who round the hallow'd altar wait ;
She shed her bounty piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in sacred use.

Thus on his furrow see the tiller stand;
And fill with genial seed his lavish hand;
He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain,
And providently scatters all his grain.

What strikes my sight! does proud Augusta rise
New to behold, and awfully surprise?—
Her lofty brow more numerous turrets crown,
And sacred domes on palaces look down:
A noble pride of piety is shown,
And temples cast a lustre on the throne.
How would this work another's glory raise!
But Anna's greatness robs her of the praise:
Drown'd in a greater blaze it disappears;
Who dried the widow's and the orphan's tears?
Who stoop'd from high to succour the distress'd,
And reconcile the wounded heart to rest?
Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,
Whoever sought, it was a Queen that gave.
Misfortune lost her name; her guiltless frown
But made another debtor to the crown;
And each unfriendly stroke from fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal store.

Thus injur'd trees adopt a foreign shoot,
And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.

Ye numbers! who on your misfortunes thriv'd,
When first the dreadful blast of fame arriv'd,
Say what a shock, what agonies you felt,
How did your souls with tender anguish melt!
That grief which living Anna's love suppress'd,
Shook like a tempest every grateful breast.
A second fate our sinking fortunes tried;
A second time our tender parents died!

Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown:

His splendid wealth too rashly we admire,
Catch the disease, and burn with equal fire.
Wisely to spend is the great art of gain;
And one reliev'd transcends a million slain.
When Time shall ask where once Ramilia lay,
Or Danube flow'd that swept whole troops away;
One drop of water that refresh'd the dry
Shall raise a fountain of eternal joy.

But, ah! to that unknown and distant date
Is Virtue's great reward push'd off by Fate;
Her random shafts in every breast are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.

August in native worth and regal state,
Anna sat arbitress of Europe's fate;
To distant realms did every accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.
Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
How small a spot contains the mighty Queen!
No throng of suppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatness is compos'd in peace;
The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a stone tells us where the monarch lies.

Thus end maturest honours of a crown!
This is the last conclusion of renown!

So when, with idle skill, the wanton boy
Breathes through his tube, he sees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its rising small,
And, by degrees, expands the glittering ball;
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and shines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burst at once, and disappear.
'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our doom;
No groans unlock the inexorable tomb;

Why, then, this fond indulgence of our woe !
What fruit can rise, or what advantage flow ?
Yes, this advantage from our deep distress ;
We learn how much in George the gods can bless.
Had a less glorious princess left the throne,
But half the hero had at first been shown ;
An Anna falling all the King employs,
To vindicate from guilt our rising joys :
Our joys arise, and innocently shine,
Auspicious monarch ! what a praise is thine !

Welcome, great stranger ! to Britannia's throne !
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain !
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.
With prayer we smooth'd the billows for thy fleet,
With ardent wishes fill'd thy swelling sheet ;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's shore,
We bending bless'd the gods, and ask'd no more.
What hand but thine should conquer and compose,
Join those whom interest joins, and chase our foes ?
Repel the daring youth's presumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatness give him fame !
Now in some foreign court he may sit down,
And quit, without a blush, the British crown,
Secure his honour, though he lose his store,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.

Nor think, great Sir ! now first, at this late hour,
In Britain's favour you exert your pow'r :
To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
The numerous tokens of your princely grace.
Whether you choose to thunder on the Rhine,
Inspire grave councils, or in courts to shine :
In the more scenes your genius was display'd,
The greater debt was on Britannia laid :

They all conspir'd this mighty man to raise,
 And your new subjects proudly share the praise.
 All share ; but may not we have leave to boast,
 That we contemplate and enjoy it most?
 This ancient nurse of arts, indulg'd by Fate
 On gentle Isis' bank a calm retreat,
 For many rolling ages justly fam'd,
 Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd ;
 And often pour'd (too well the truth is known!)
 Her blood and treasure to support the throne ;
 For England's church her latest accent strain'd,
 And freedom with her dying hand retain'd ;
 No wonder, then, her various ranks agree
 In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.

What though thy birth a distant kingdom boast,
 And seas divide thee from the British coast?
 The crown's impatient to enclose thy head ;
 Why stay thy feet? the cloth of gold is spread.
 Our strict obedience through the world shall tell,
 That king's a Briton who can govern well.

TO MR. TICKELL,

OCCASIONED BY THE

DEATH OF THE RT. HON. JOSEPH ADDISON, 1719.

—Tu nunc eris alter ab illo.

VIRG.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
 In social arts and sacred friendship join'd ;
 Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,
 Lost from her side, but fortunately lost ;

Thy wonted aid, my dear companion! bring,
 And teach me thy departed friend to sing:
 A darling theme! once powerful to inspire,
 And now to melt, the muses' mournful choir:
 Now, and now first, we freely dare commend
 His modest worth, nor shall our praise offend.

Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
 And ravish'd Isis listen'd to his strain.
 'See, see,' she cried, 'old Maro's muse appears,
 Wak'd from her slumber of two thousand years:
 Her finish'd charms to Addison she brings,
 Thinks in his thought, and in his numbers sings.
 All read transported his pure classic page;
 Read, and forget their climate and their age.'

The State, when now his rising fame was known,
 The' unrivall'd genius challeng'd for her own,
 Nor would that one for scenes of action strong,
 Should let a life evaporate in song.
 As health and strength the brightest charms dispense,
 Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense:
 Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inspir'd,
 With quickness pointed, and with rapture fir'd,
 In conscious pride their own importance find,
 Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind!
 Wit they esteem a gay but worthless pow'r,
 The slight amusement of a leisure hour,
 Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
 Majestic Wisdom wears the bright disguise.

Poor Dido fondled thus, with idle joy,
 Dread Cupid lurking in the Trojan boy;
 Lightly she toy'd and trifled with his charms,
 And knew not that a god was in her arms.

Who greatest excellence of thought could boast,
 In action, too, have been distinguish'd most:

Thus Somers¹ knew, and Addison sent forth
 From the malignant regions of the North,
 To be matur'd in more indulgent skies,
 Where all the vigour of the soul can rise ;
 Through warmer veins where sprightlier spirits run,
 And sense enliven'd sparkles in the sun.
 With secret pain the prudent patriot gave
 The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
 Anxious, the charge to all the stars resign'd,
 And plac'd a confidence in sea and wind.

Ausonia soon receiv'd her wondering guest,
 And equal wonder in her turn confess'd,
 To see her fervors rivall'd by the pole,
 Her lustre beaming from a northern soul :
 In like surprise was her Æneas lost,
 To find his picture grace a foreign coast.

Now the wide field of Europe he surveys,
 Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,
 In ripen'd judgment and consummate thought :
 Great work ! by Nassau's favour cheaply bought.

He now returns to Britain a support,
 Wise in her senate, graceful in her court ;
 And when the public welfare would permit,
 The source of learning, and the soul of wit.
 O Warwick ! (whom the Muse is fond to name,
 And kindles, conscious of her future theme)
 O Warwick ! by divine contagion bright,
 How early didst thou catch his radiant light !
 By him inspir'd, how shine before thy time,
 And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime !

On some warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
 A rose-bud opens to a summer's morn,
 Full blown ere noon her fragrant pride displays,
 And shows the' abundance of her purple rays.

¹ Lord Somers enabled Addison to prosecute his travels.

Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree ;
We now, surpris'd, her fruitful branches see ;
Or, orange-like, till his auspicious time
It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime :
He first the plant to richer gardens led,
And fix'd, indulgent, in a warmer bed :
The nation, pleas'd, enjoys the rich produce,
And gath'ers from her ornament her use.

When loose from public cares the grove he sought
And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,
The various labours of his easy page,
A chance amusement, polish'd half an age.
Beyond this truth old bards could scarce invent,
Who durst to frame a world by accident.

What he has sung, how early and how well,
The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tiber tell.
A glory more sublime remains in store,
(Since such his talents) that he sung no more.
No fuller proof of power the' Almighty gave,
Making the sea, than curbing her proud wave.

Nought can the genius of his works transcend,
But their fair purpose and important end ;
To rouse the war for injur'd Europe's laws,
To steel the patriot in great Brunswick's cause ;
With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,
Or paint the' eternal bowers of bliss above.
Where hadst thou room, great author! where, to roM
The mighty theme of an immortal soul? [brought
'Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were
Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought?
One let me join, all other may excel,
'How could a mortal essence think so well?'

But why so large in the great writer's praise?
More lofty subjects should my numbers raise :

In him (illustrious rivalry!) contend
The statesman, patriot, Christian, and the friend?
His glory such, it borders on disgrace
To say he sung the best of human race.

In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
Tickell! accept this verse, thy mournful due;
Thou further shalt the sacred theme pursue;
And as thy strain describes the matchless man,
Thy life shall second what thy muse began,
Though sweet the numbers, though a fire divine
Dart through the whole, and burn in every line,
Who strives not for that excellence he draws,
Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause.

But haste to thy illustrious task; prepare
The noble work well trusted to thy care,
The gift bequeath'd by Addison's command,
To Craggs made sacred by his dying hand.
Collect the labours, join the various rays,
The scatter'd light in one united blaze;
Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,
In life distinguish'd, and in death approv'd,
The immortal legacy. He hangs awhile
In generous anguish o'er the glorious pile;
With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,
And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
What though thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,
Thy other cares for Britain's woe suspend?
Think not, O patriot! while thy eyes o'erflow,
Those cares suspended for a private woe;
Thy love to him is to thy country shown!
He mourns for her, who mourns for Addison.

ODES.

ODE,

OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL ENCOU-
RAGEMENT OF THE SEA SERVICE.

' I THINK myself obliged to recommend to you a consideration of the greatest importance, and I should look upon it as a great happiness if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general, that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country as oft as occasion shall require it; a consideration worthy the representatives of a people great and flourishing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the case of Greenwich Hospital, that care may be taken, by some addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable provision for the support and maintenance of our seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the service of their country.'—Speech, Jan. 27, 1727-8.

TO THE KING.

M.DCC.XXVIII.

OLD Ocean's praise
Demands my lays;
A truly British theme I sing;
A theme so great
I dare complete,
And join with Ocean ocean's King.

The Roman ode
Majestic flow'd,
Its stream divinely clear and strong ;
In sense and sound
Thebes roll'd profound ;
The torrent roar'd, and foam'd along.

Let Thebes nor Rome,
So fam'd, presume
To triumph o'er a northern isle ;
Late time shall know
The North can glow,
If dread Augustus deign to smile.

The naval crown
Is all his own !
Our fleet, if War or Commerce call,
His will performs
Through waves and storms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

No former race,
With strong embrace,
This theme to ravish durst aspire ;
With virgin charms
My soul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

My lays I file
With cautious toil ;
Ye Graces ! turn the glowing lines ;
On anvils neat
Your strokes repeat :
At every stroke the work refines !

How music charms !
How metre warms !
Parent of actions good and brave !
How vice it tames !
And worth inflames !
And holds proud empire o'er the grave !

Jove mark'd for man
A scanty span,
But lent him wings to fly his doom :
Wit scorns the grave ;
To wit he gave
The life of gods ! immortal bloom !

Since years will fly,
And pleasures die,
Day after day, as years advance ;
Since while life lasts
Joy suffers blasts
From frowning Fate and fickle Chance,

Nor life is long,
But soon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, Death's pallid shore ;
We make at least,
Of bad the best,
If in life's phantom, Fame, we soar.

Our strains divide
The laurel's pride ;
With those we lift to life we live :
By Fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And share the blessings which we give.

What hero's praise
Can fire my lays,
Like his with whom my lay begun?
'Justice sincere,
And Courage clear,
Rise the two columns of his throne.

'How form'd for sway?
Who look, obey;
They read the monarch in his port:
Their love and awe
Supply the law,
And his own lustre makes the court !

On yonder height
What golden light
Triumphant shines? and shines alone.
Unrival'd blaze!
The nations gaze!
'Tis not the sun: 'tis Britain's throne.

Our monarch there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempests rise, disdains to bend;
Like British oak,
Derides the stroke;
His blooming honours far extend!

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an amorous maid;
While interest wings
Bold foreign kings
To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

At his proud foot
The sea, pour'd out,
Immortal nourishment supplies ;
Thence wealth and state,
And power and fate,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

From what we view
We take the clue
Which leads from great to greater things :
Men doubt no more,
But gods adore,
When such resemblance shines in kings.

OCEAN.

AN ODE.

Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap their hands.
Psalm. xcviij.

SWEET rural scene
Of flocks and green !
At careless ease my limbs are spread ;
All Nature still
But yonder rill,
And listening pines nod o'er my head.

In prospect wide
The boundless tide !
Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar ;
Without a breeze
The curling seas
Dance on in measure to the shore.

Who sings the source
Of wealth and force!
Vast field of commerce and big war;
Where wonders dwell!
Where terrors swell!
And Neptune thunders from his car?

Where? where are they,
Whom Pæan's ray
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave?—
What! none aspire?—
I snatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

The wave resounds!
The rock rebounds!
The Nereids to my song reply!
I lead the choir,
And they conspire,
With voice and shell, to lift it high.

They spread in air
Their bosoms fair,
Their verdant tresses pour behind;
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant swell the wind.

Who love the shore,
Let those adore
The god Apollo, and his Nine,
Parnassus' hill,
And Orpheus' skill,
But let Arion's harp be mine.

The main ! the main !
Is Britain's reign ;
Her strength, her glory, is her fleet :
The main ! the main !
Be Britain's strain ;
As tritons strong, as sirens sweet.

Through Nature wide
Is nought descried
So rich in pleasure or surprise ;
When all serene,
How sweet the scene ?
How dreadful when the billows rise !

And storms deface
The fluid glass,
In which ere-while Britannia, fair,
Look'd down with pride,
Like Ocean's bride,
Adjusting her majestic air !

When tempests cease,
And, hush'd in peace,
The flatten'd surges smoothly spread,
Deep silence keep,
And seem to sleep
Recumbent on their oozy bed ;

With what a trance
The level glance,
Unbroken, shoots along the seas ?
Which tempt from shore
The painted oar,
And every canvass courts the breeze !

When rushes forth
The frowning North
On blackening billows, with what dread
My shuddering soul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head !

With terror mark
Yon flying bark !
Now centre-deep descend the brave ;
Now, toss'd on high,
It takes the sky,
A feather on the towering wave !

Now spins around
In whirls profound ;
Now whelm'd, now pendent near the clouds ;
Now stunn'd, it reels
Midst thunder's peals,
And now fierce lightning fires the shrouds.

All ether burns !
Chaos returns !
And bends, once more, the seas and skies :
No space between
Thy bosom green,
O deep ! and the blue concave lies.

The northern blast,
The shatter'd mast,
The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking spout,
The stars gone out,
The boiling strait, the monster's shock.

Let others fear :
To Britain dear
Whate'er promotes her daring claim ;
Those terrors charm
Which keep her warm
In chase of honest gain or fame.

The stars are bright
To cheer the night,
And shed, through shadows, temper'd fire ;
And Phœbus flames
With burnish'd beams,
Which some adore, and all admire.

Are then the seas
Outshone by these ?
Bright Thetis ! thou art not outshone ;
With kinder beams,
And softer gleams,
Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

There, set in green,
Gold stars are seen,
A mantle rich ! thy charms to wrap ;
And when the sun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

Those clouds, whose dyes
Adorn the skies,
That silver snow, that pearly rain,
Has Phœbus stole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of the' invaded main !

The gaudy bow,
Whose colours glow,
Whose arch with so much skill is bent,
To Phœbus' ray
Which paints so gay,
By thee the watry roof was lent.

In chambers deep,
Where waters sleep,
What unknown treasures pave the floor !
The pearl, in rows,
Pale lustre throws ;
The wealth immense which storms devour.

From Indian mines,
With proud designs,
The merchant, swoln, digs golden ore ;
The tempests rise
And seize the prize,
And toss him, breathless, on the shore.

His son complains
In pious strains ;
' Ah ! cruel thirst of gold,' he cries ;
Then ploughs the main
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet swelling in his eyes.

Thou watry vast !
What mounds are cast
To bar thy dreadful flowings o'er !
Thy proudest foam
Must know its home ;
But rage of gold disdains a shore.

Gold pleasure buys :
But pleasure dies ;
Too soon the gross fruition cloy ;
Though raptures court,
The sense is short ;
But virtue kindles living joys ;

Joys felt alone !
Joys ask'd of none !
Which Time's and Fortune's arrows miss ;
Joys that subsist,
Though fates resist,
An unprecious, endless bliss !

The soul refin'd
Is most inclin'd
To every moral excellence ;
All vice is dull,
A knave's a fool,
And Virtue is the child of Sense.

The virtuous mind,
Nor wave nor wind,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrants' frown,
The shaken ball,
Nor planet's fall,
From its firm basis can dethrone.

This Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With generous passions, and expends
Her wealth and zeal
O public weal,
And brightens both by godlike ends.

What end so great
As that which late
Awoke the genius of the Main ;
Which towering rose,
With George to close,
And rival great Eliza's reign !

A voice has flown
From Britain's throne
To re-inflame a grand design ;
That voice shall rear
Yon fabric fair ¹,
As Nature's rose at the divine.

When Nature sprung,
Bless'd angels sung,
And shouted o'er the rising ball ;
For strains as high
As man's can fly,
These sea-devoted honours call.

From boisterous seas,
The lap of Ease
Receives our wounded and our old :
High domes ascend !
Stretch'd arches bend !
Proud columns swell ! wide gates unfold !

Here, soft-reclin'd,
From wave, from wind,
And Fortune's tempest, safe ashore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleasing shadows o'er.

¹ A new fund for Greenwich Hospital, recommended from the throne.

In lengthen'd tales
Our fleet prevails :
In tales, the lenitives of age !
And o'er the bowl
They fire the soul
Of listening youth to martial rage.

Unhappy they !
And falsely gay !
Who bask for ever in success :
A constant feast
Quite palls the taste,
And long enjoyment is distress.

When, after toil,
His native soil
The panting mariner regains,
What transport flows
From bare repose ?
We reap our pleasure from our pains.

Ye warlike ! slain
Beneath the main,
Wrapt in a watry-winding sheet,
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's full-blown glory greet ².

What powerful charm
Can Death disarm ;
Your long, your iron slumbers break :
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name,
Awake ! awake ! awake ! awake !

² Written soon after King George the First's accession.

With spiral shell,
Full-blasted, tell,
That all your watry realms should ring ;
Your pearl alcoves,
Your coral groves,
Should echo their's and Britain's king.

As long as stars
Guide mariners,
As Carolina's virtues please,
Or suns invite
The ravish'd sight,
The British flag shall sweep the seas.

Peculiar both !
Our soil's strong growth,
And our bold natives' hardy mind ;
Sure Heaven bespoke
Our hearts and oak,
To give a master to mankind.

That noblest birth
Of teeming earth,
Of forests fair that daughter proud,
To foreign coasts
Our grandeur boasts,
And Britain's pleasure speaks aloud :

Now big with war,
Sends fate from far,
If rebel realms their fate demand ;
Now sumptuous spoils
Or foreign soils
Pours in the bosom of our land.

Hence Britain lays
In scales, and weighs
The fates of kingdoms and of kings ;
And as she frowns,
Or smiles, on crowns,
A night or day of glory springs.

Thus Ocean swells
The streams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high ;
Or else withdraws
The mighty cause,
And leaves their famish'd channels dry.

SEA-PIECE:

CONTAINING

- I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.
 - II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.
-

THE DEDICATION.

TO M. VOLTAIRE.

My Muse, a bird of passage, flies
From frozen climes to milder skies ;
From chilling blasts she seeks thy cheering beam,
A beam of favour here denied ;
Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

To dive full deep in ancient days¹,
The warrior's ardent deeds to raise,
And monarchs aggrandize,—the glory thine ;
Thine is the drama, how renown'd !
Thine epic's loftier trump to sound ;——
But let Arion's sea-strung harp be mine.

But where's his dolphin? know'st thou where?—
May that be found in thee, Voltaire !
Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave :
How will thy name illustrious raise
My sinking song? Mere mortal lays,
So patroniz'd, are rescued from the grave.

¹ Annals of the Emperor Charles XII. Lewis XIV.

‘Tell me,’ say’st thou, ‘who courts my smile?
What stranger stray’d from yonder isle?’—
No stranger, Sir! though born in foreign climes;
On Dorset downs, when Milton’s page,
With Sin and Death, provok’d thy rage,
Thy rage provok’d, who sooth’d with gentle rhymes.

Who kindly couch’d thy censure’s eye,
And gave thee clearly to descry
Sound judgment giving law to fancy strong:
Who half-inclin’d thee to confess,
Nor could thy modesty do less,
That Milton’s blindness lay not in his song.

But such debates long since are flown;
For ever set the suns that shone
On airy pastimes, ere our brows were gray:
How shortly shall we both forget,
To thee, my patron, I my debt,
And thou to thine, for Prussia’s golden key.

The present, in oblivion cast,
Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past;
Full soon the wide distinction die between
The frowns and favours of the great;
High-flush’d Success, and pale Defeat,
The Gallic gaiety, and British spleen.

Ye wing’d, ye rapid moments! stay:
Oh, friend! as deaf, as rapid, they;
Life’s little drama done, the curtain falls!—
Dost thou not hear it? I can hear,
Though nothing strikes the listening ear;
Time groans his last; Eternal loudly calls!

Nor calls in vain ; the call inspires
Far other counsels and desires
Than once prevail'd : we stand on higher ground :
What scenes we see !—Exalted aim !
With ardours new our spirits flame ;
Ambition bless'd ! with more than laurels crown'd.

ODE THE FIRST.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

In lofty sounds let those delight
Who brave the foe but fear the fight,
And, bold in word, of arms decline the stroke ;
'Tis mean to boast, but great to lend
To foes the counsel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

From whence arise these loud alarms ?
Why gleams the South with brandish'd arms ?
War, bath'd in blood, from curs'd ambition springs :
Ambition mean ! ignoble pride !
Perhaps their ardours may subside,
When weigh'd the wonders Britain's sailor sings.

Hear, and revere.—At Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood,
Hastes the huge oak, or shadeless forest leaves ;
The mountain pines assume new forms,
Spread canvass-wings, and fly through storms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

She nods again ; the labouring earth
 Discloses a tremendous birth ;
 In smoking rivers runs her molten ore ;
 Thence monsters of enormous size,
 And hideous aspect, threatening rise ;
 Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions 1 rer.

These ministers of fate fulfil,
 On empires wide, an island's will, [Pow'rs!
 When thrones unjust wake vengeance. Know, ye
 In sudden night, and poudrous balls,
 And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
 When brav'd Britannia's awful senate low'rs.

In her grand council ' she surveys,
 In patriot picture, what may raise,
 Of insolent attempts, a warm disdain ;
 From Hope's triumphant summit thrown,
 Like darted lightning, swiftly down
 The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

Britannia sheathes her courage keen,
 And spares her nitrous magazine ;
 Her cannon slumber till the proud aspire,
 And leave all law below them ; then they blaze !
 They thunder from resounding seas,
 Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

Then furies rise ! the battle raves !
 And rends the skies, and warms the waves !
 And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
 In spite of Nature, spite of Jove,
 While all-serene, and hush'd above,
 Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

¹ House of Lords.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
 Hurls from her disembowel'd womb ;
 Chain'd, glowing globes, in dread alliance join'd,
 Red-wing'd by strong sulphureous blasts,
 Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and masts,
 And leave sing'd, naked, blood-drown'd decks
 [behind.

Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields ;
 The wreath immortal Ocean yields ;
 There war's whole sting is shot, whole fire is spent,
 Whole glory blooms. How pale, how tame,
 How lambent, is Bellona's flame !
 How her storms languish on the continent !

From the dread front of ancient War,
 Less terror frown'd ; her scythed car,
 Her castled elephant, and battering beam,
 Stoop to those engines which deny
 Superior terrors to the sky, [flame
 And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
 The night by day, the sea of blood,
 Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
 The graveless dead, an ocean warm'd,
 A firmament by mortals storm'd
 To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

Or do I dream ? or do I rave ?
 Or see I Vulcan's sooty cave,
 Where Jove's red bolts the giant-brothers frame ?
 Those swarthy gods of toil and heat,
 Loud peals on mountain anvils beat ;
 And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call:
 Unfinish'd let those baubles fall,
 Yon shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue;
 Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng!
 Charm'd by the magic of my song,
 Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

Begin; and first take rapid flight²,
 Fierce flame, and clouds of thickest night,
 And ghastly terror, paler than the dead;
 Then borrow from the North his roar,
 Mix groans, and deaths; one phial pour
 Of wrong'd Britannia's wrath; and it is made;
 Gaul starts and trembles—at your dreadful trade.

ODE THE SECOND.

IN WHICH IS THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE
 ENGAGEMENT.

So form'd the bolt ordain'd to break
 Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shake,
 If Britain's crimes support not Britain's foes,
 And edge their swords. O Power Divine!
 If bless'd by thee the bold design,
 Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

Ye warlike dead! who fell of old
 In Britain's cause, by Fame enroll'd
 In deathless annals! deathless deeds inspire;
 From oozy beds, for Britain's sake,
 Awake, illustrious chiefs! awake,
 And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

² Alluding to Virgil's description of thunder.

The day commission'd from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full shock too feeble to sustain,
Or firm to stand its final blow,
When vital streams of blood shall flow,
And turn to crimson the discolour'd main ;

That day's arriv'd, that fatal hour !——
' Hear us, O hear, Almighty Pow'r !
Our guide in counsel, and our strength in fight !
Now war's important die is thrown, '
If left the day to man alone,
How blind is Wisdom and how weak is Might !

' Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,
And deep remorse, and sighs sincere
For Britain's guilt the wrath divine appease ;
A wrath more formidable far
Than angry Nature's wasteful war,
The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

' From out the deep to thee we cry,
To thee, at Nature's helm on high !
Steer thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence !
To thee for succour we resort ;
Thy favour is our only port ;
Our only rock of safety thy defence.

' O Thou ! to whom the lions roar,
And not unheard thy boon implore !
Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke :
Thou can'st arrest the flying ball,
Or send it back, and bid it fall
On those from whose proud deck the thunder broke.

‘ Britain in vain extends her care
To climes remote ¹ for aids in war ;
Still further must it stretch to crush the foe :
There’s one alliance, one alone,
Can crown her arms, or fix her throne,
And that alliance is not found below.

‘ Ally Supreme! we turn to thee ;
We learn obedience from the sea ;
With seas and winds, henceforth, thy laws fulfil ;
’Tis thine our blood to freeze or warm,
To rouse or hush the martial storm,
And turn the tide of conquest at thy will.

‘ ’Tis thine to beam sublime renown,
Or quench the glories of a crown ;
’Tis thine to doom, ’tis thine from Death to free,
To turn aside his levell’d dart,
Or pluck it from the bleeding heart :—
There we cast anchor, we confide in thee.

‘ Thou! who hast taught the North to roar,
And streaming lights ² nocturnal pour
Of frightful aspect! when proud foes invade ;
Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
Bid Britain’s flags, as meteors, blaze,
And George depute to thunder in thy stead.

‘ The right alone is bold and strong ;
Black hovering clouds appal the wrong
With dread of vengeance.—Nature’s awful Sire!
Less than one moment shouldst thou frown,
Where is Puissance and Renown?
Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.

¹ Russia.

² Aurora Borealis.

‘ Let George the just chastise the vain.
Thou ! who dost curb the rebel main,
To mount the shore when boiling billows rave !
Bid George repel a bolder tide,
The boundless swell of Gallic pride,
And check Ambition’s overwhelming wave.

‘ And when (all milder means withstood)
Ambition tam’d by loss of blood
Regains her reason ; then, on angel’s wings,
Let Peace descend, and shouting greet,
With peals of joy, Britannia’s fleet,
How richly freighted ! it triumphant brings
The poise of kingdoms, and the fate of Kings.’

IMPERIUM PELAGI :

A NAVAL LYRIC.

WRITTEN IN
IMITATION OF PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN FROM
HANOVER, SEPT. 1729, AND THE SUCCEEDING
PEACE, COMMONLY CALLED, 'THE TREATY OF
SEVILLE.'

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
Quem super notas alluere ripas,
Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo
Pindarus ore.

Concines lætosque dies, et urbis
Publicum ludum, super impetrato
Fortis Augusti reditu.

HOR.

PREFACE.

A PINDARIC carries a formidable sound ; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it, of which (with utmost submission) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a false idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not so familiar ; as a fixed star is as much in the bounds of nature as a flower of the field, though less obvious, and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion

of Pindar : I shall therefore soon support at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very noble subject in itself, more proper than any for an Englishman, and particularly seasonable at this juncture.

We have more specimens of good writing in every province than in the sublime, our two famous epic poems excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had the fewest rivals.

If, on reading this Ode, any man has a fuller idea of the real interest, or possible glory, of his country than before, or a stronger impression from it, or a warmer concern for it, I give up to the critic any further reputation.

We have many copies and translations that pass for originals. This Ode, I humbly conceive, is an original, though it professes imitation. No man can be like Pindar, by imitating any of his particular works, any more than like Raphael, by copying the Cartoons. The genius and spirit of such great men must be collected from the whole ; and when thus we are possessed of it, we must exert its energy in subjects and designs of our own. Nothing is so un-pindarical as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an original ; and he must be so too who would be like Pindar in that which is his greatest praise. Nothing so unlike as a close copy and a noble original.

As for length, Pindar has an unbroken ode of six hundred lines. Nothing is long or short in writing, but relatively to the demand of the subject, and the manner of treating it. A distich may be long, and a folio short. However I have broken this Ode into strains, each of which may be considered

as a separate ode, if you please : and if the variety and fulness of matter be considered, I am rather apprehensive of danger from brevity in this Ode, than from length. But lank writing is what I think ought most to be declined : if for nothing else, for our plenty of it.

The ode is the most spirited kind of poetry, and the Pindaric is the most spirited kind of ode. This I speak at my own very great peril ; but truth has an eternal title to our confession, though we are sure to suffer by it.

THE CONTENTS.

THE Ode consists of a Prelude ; five Strains ; a Moral ; a Close ; and a Chorus.

PRELUDE.

THE proposition. An address to the Vessel that brought over the King. Who should sing on this occasion. Pindaric boast.

STRAIN I. How the King attended. A prospect of happiness. Industry. A surprising instance of it in Old Rome. The mischief of sloth. What happiness is. Sloth its greatest enemy. Trade natural to Britain. Trade invoked. Described. What the greatest human excellence. The praise of wealth. Its use, abuse, end. The variety of Nature. The final moral cause of it. The benefit of man's necessities. Britain's naval stores. She makes all Nature serviceable to her ends. Of reason. Its excellence. How we should form our estimate of things. Reason's difficult task. Why the first glory her's. Her effects in Old Britain.

STRAIN II. Arts from commerce. Why Britain should pursue it. What wealth includes. An historical digression. Which kind is most frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The approach of her ruin. The cause of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miserable fall. The neighbouring king's just reflection on it. An awful image of the Divine power and vengeance. From what Tyre fell, and how deep her calamity.

STRAIN III. An inference from this history. Advice to Britain. More proper to her than other nations. How far the stroke of tyranny reaches. What supports our endeavours. The unconsidered benefits of liberty. Britain's obligation to pursue trade. Why above half the globe is sea. Britain's grandeur from her situation. The winds, the seas, the constellations, described. Sir Isaac Newton's praise. Britain compared with other states. The leviathan described. Britain's site and ancient title to the seas. Who rivals her. Of Venice. Holland. Some despise trade as mean; censured for it. Trade's glory. The late Czar. Solomon. A surprising instance of magnificence. The Merchant's dignity. Compared with men of letters.

STRAIN IV. Pindar invoked. His praise. Britain should decline war, but boldly assert her trade. Encouraged from the throne. Britain's condition without trade. Trade's character, and surprising deeds. Carthage. Solomon's temple. St. Paul's church. The miser's character. The wonderful effects of trade. Why religion recommended to the Merchant. What false joy: what true. What religion is to the Merchant. Why trade more glorious in Britons than others. How warily and how long to be pursued by us. The Briton's legacy. Columbus. His praise. America described. Worlds still unknown. Queen Elizabeth. King George II. his glory navally represented.

STRAIN V. What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the most famed in history. The sign Lyra. What the constellations are. Argo. The Whale. The Dolphin. Eridanus. The Lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice. The British ladies censured. The Moon. What the sea is. Apostrophe to the Emperor. The Spanish Armada. How Britain should speak her resentment. What gives power. What natives do in war. The Tartar. Mogul. Africa. China. Who master of the world. What the history of the world is. The genealogy of Glory. Mistakes about it. Peace the Merchant's harvest. Ships of divine origin. Merchants ambassadors. The Briton's voyage. Praise the food of glory. Britain's record.

THE MORAL.

THE most happy should be the most virtuous. Of eternity. What Britain's art should be. Whence slavery.

THE CLOSE.

THIS subject now first sung. How sung. Preferable to Pindar's subjects. How Britain should be sung by all.

* CHORUS.

THE MERCHANT.

AN ODE

ON THE BRITISH TRADE AND NAVIGATION.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

πλα τειχι παντοθεν λογιοι-
σιν εντι προσοδοι,
γασον ευκλεα ταν-
δε κοσμειν.

PIND. Nem. Ode vi.

PRELUDE.

FAST by the surge my limbs are spread,
The naval oak nods o'er my head,
The winds are loud, the waves tumultuous roll ;
Ye Winds ! indulge your rage no more ;
Ye sounding Billows ! cease to roar :
The god descends, and transports warm my soul.

The waves are hush'd, the winds are spent ;
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,
I celebrate in song. Fam'd Isle ! no less,
By Nature's favour, from mankind,
Than by the foaming sea disjoin'd ;
Alone in bliss ! an isle in happiness !

Though Fate and Time have damp'd my strains,
Though youth no longer fires my veins,
Though slow their streams in this cold climate run,
The royal eye dispels my cares,
Recals the warmth of blooming years ;
Returning George supplies the distant sun,

Away, my soul ! salute the Pine ¹,
 That glads the heart of Caroline,
 Its grand deposit faithful to restore ;
 Salute the bark that ne'er shall hold
 So rich a freight in gems or gold,
 And loaded from both Indies would be poor.

My soul ! to thee she spreads her sails ;
 Their bosoms fill with sacred gales ;
 With inspiration from the Godhead warm ;
 Now bound for an eternal clime,
 O send her down the tide of time,
 Snatch'd from oblivion, and secure from storm.

Or teach this flag like that to soar,
 Which gods of old and heroes bore ;
 Bid her a British constellation rise——
 The sea she scorns ; and now shall bound
 On lofty billows of sweet sound :
 I am her pilot, and her port the skies !

Dare you to sing, ye tinkling train !
 Silence, ye wretched ! ye profane !
 Who shackle prose, and boast of absent gods ;
 Who murder thought, and numbers maim,
 Who write Pindarics cold and lame,
 And labour stiff Anacreontic odes.

Ye lawful sons of Genius, rise !
 Of genuine title to the skies ;
 Ye founts of Learning ! and ye mints of Fame !
 You who file off the mortal part
 Of glowing thought with Attic art,
 And drink pure song from Cam's or Isis' stream.

¹ The vessel in which the King came over.

I glow, I burn ! the numbers pure,
 High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
 Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd breast ;
 As when full-ripen'd teems the vine,
 'The generous bursts of willing wine
 Distil nectareous from the grape unpress'd.

STRAIN I.

' OUR monarch comes ! nor comes alone !'
 What shining forms surround his throne,
 O Sun ! as planets thee. To my loud strain
 See Peace, by Wisdom led, advance ;
 The Grace, the Muse, the Season, dance !
 And Plenty spreads behind her flowing train !

' Our monarch comes ! nor comes alone !'
 New glories kindle round his throne.
 The visions rise ! I triumph as I gaze.
 By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
 The volume dark, the folds of fate,
 And now am present to the future blaze.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
 The mighty Months in pomp proceed,
 Fair daughters of the Sun !—O thou divine,
 Bless'd Industry ! a smiling earth
 From thee alone derives its birth :
 By thee the ploughshare and its master shine.

From thee mast, cable, anchor, oar,
 From thee the cannon, and his roar ;
 On oaks nurs'd, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows.
 O golden fruit ! oak well might prove
 The sacred tree, the tree of Jove ;
 All Jove can give the naval oak bestows.

What cannot Industry complete?

When Punic war first flam'd, the great,
 Bold, active, ardent Roman fathers meet :
 ' Fell all your groves,' a flamen cries ² ;
 As soon they fall, as soon they rise ;
 One moon a forest, and the next a fleet.

Is sloth indulgence? 'tis a toil ;
 Enervates man, and damns the soil ;
 Defeats creation, plunges in distress,
 Cankers our being; all devours.
 A full exertion of our pow'rs,
 Thence, and thence only, glows our happiness.

The stream may stagnate, yet be clear,
 The sun suspend his swift career,
 Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force ;
 Ere man his active springs resign'd,
 Can rust in body and in mind,
 Yet taste of bliss, of which he chokes the source.

Where, Industry! thy daughter fair?—
 Recal her to her native air :
 Here was Trade born, here bred, here flourish'd long ;
 And ever shall she flourish here :
 What though she languish'd? 'twas but fear ;
 She's sound of heart ; her constitution's strong.

Wake, sting her up. Trade! lean no more
 On thy fix'd anchor ; push from shore ;
 Earth lies before thee, every climate court.
 And see! she's rous'd ; absolv'd from fears,
 Her brow in clondless azure rears,
 Spreads all her sail, and opens every port.

² L. Florus.

See, cherish'd by her sister, Peace,
She levies gain on every place,
Religion, habit, custom, tongue, and name!
Again she travels with the sun,
Again she draws a golden zone [fame!
Round earth and main; bright zone of wealth and

Ten thousand active hands, that hung
In shameful sloth, with nerves unstrung,
The nation's languid load, defy the storms,
The sheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
The long-moor'd vessels wing to sea,
Worlds worlds salute, and peopled ocean swarms.

His sons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
Their sedgy foreheads lift and smile;
Their urns inverted prodigally pour
Streams charg'd with wealth, and vow to buy
Britannia for their great ally,
With climes paid down. What can the gods do more?

Cold Russia costly furs, from far
Hot China sends her painted jar,
France generous wines to crown it, Arab sweet,
With gales of incense swells our sails,
Nor distant Ind our merchant fails,
Her richest ore the ballast of our fleet.

Luxuriant isle! what tide that flows,
Or stream that glides, or wind that blows,
Or genial sun that shines, or shower that pours,
But flows, glides, breathes, shines, pours, for thee?
How every heart dilates to see
Each land's each season bending on thy shores?

All these one British harvest make !
The servant Ocean, for thy sake,
Both sinks and swells : his arms thy bosom wrap,
And fondly give, in boundless dow'r,
To mighty George's growing pow'r,
The wafted world into thy loaded lap.

Commerce brings riches, riches crown
Fair Virtue with the first renown :
A large revenue, and a large expense,
When hearts for others' welfare glow,
And spend as free as gods bestow,
Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.

Glow, then, my breast ! abound, my store !
This, and this boldly I implore :
Their want and apathy let stoics boast ;
Passions and riches, good or ill,
As us'd by man, demand our skill ;
All blessings wound us when discretion's lost.

Wealth, in the virtuous and the wise,
'Tis vice and folly to despise :
Let those in praise of poverty refine,
Whose heads or hearts pervert its use,
The narrow-soul'd or the profuse :
The truly great find morals in the mine.

Happy the man ! who, large of heart,
Has learn'd the rare, illustrious art
Of being rich : stores starve us, or they cloy,
From gold if more than chymic skill
Extract not what is brighter still :
'Tis hard to gain, much harder to enjoy.

Plenty's a means, and joy her end ;
Exalted minds their joys extend :
A Chandos shines when others' joys are done ;
As lofty turrets by their height,
When humble scenes resign their light,
Retain the rays of the declining sun.

Pregnant with blessings, Britain ! swear
No sordid son of thine shall dare
Offend the donor of thy wealth and peace ;
Who now his whole creation drains
To pour into thy tumid veins
That blood of nations, commerce and increase.

How various nature ! turgid grain,
Here nodding, floats the golden plain ;
There worms weavesilken webs ; here glowing vines
Lay forth their purple to the sun :
Beneath the soil their harvests run,
And kings' revenues ripen in the mines.

What's various nature ? art divine,
Man's soul to soften and refine :
Heaven different growths to different lands imparts,
That all may stand in need of all,
And interest draw around the ball
A net to catch and join all human hearts.

Thus has the great Créator's pen,
His law supreme to mortal men,
In their necessities distinctly writ :
Ev'n appetite supplies the place
Of absent virtue, absent grace,
And human want performs for human wit.

Vast naval ensigns strow'd around,
The wondering foreigner confound :
How stands the deep-aw'd Continent aghast,
As her proud sceptred sons survey,
At every port, on every quay,
Huge mountains rise of cable, anchor, mast !

The' unwieldy tun ! the pondrous bale !
Each prince his own clime set to sale
Sees here, by subjects of a British king.
How earth's abridg'd ! all nations range
A narrow spot ! our throng'd exchange ;
And send the streams of plenty from their spring.

Nor earth alone ; all nature bends
In aid to Britain's glorious ends :
Toils she in trade ? or bleeds in honest wars ?
Her keel each yielding sea enthrals,
Each willing wind her canvass calls ;
Her pilot into service lists the stars.

In size confin'd, and humbly made,
What though we creep beneath the shade,
And seem as emmets on this point the ball ?
Heaven lighted up the human soul,
Heaven bid its rays transpierce the whole,
And, giving godlike reason, gave us all.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
Bless'd Reason ! guide my life and pen ;
All ills, like ghosts, fly trembling at thy light.
Who thee obeys, reigns over all ;
Smiles, though the stars around him fall ;
A God is nought but reason infinite.

The man of reason is a god,
Who scorns to stoop to Fortune's nod ;
Sole agent he beneath the shining sphere.
Others are passive, are impell'd,
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, sunk, or swell'd,
As Accident is pleas'd to domineer.

Our hopes and fears are much to blame ;
Shall monarchs awe, or crowns inflame ?
From gross mistake our idle tumult springs :
Those men the silly world disarm,
Elude the dart, dissolve the charm,
Who know the slender worth of men and things.

The present object, present day,
Are idle phantoms, and away :
What's lasting only does exist. Know this,
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, all,
Peace, commerce, freedom, nobly call,
To launch us on the flood of endless bliss.

How foreign these, though most in view !
Go, look your whole existence through,
Thence form your rule ; thence fix your estimate ;
For so the gods : but as the gains,
How great the toil ! 'twill cost more pains
To vanquish folly than reduce a state.

Hence, reason ! the first palm is thine :
Old Britain learn'd from thee to shine : {smile,
By thee trade's swarming throng, gay Freedom's
Armies, in war of fatal frown,
Of peace the pride, arts flowing down,
Enrich, exalt, defend, instruct our isle.

STRAIN II.

COMMERCE gives arts as well as gain,
 By commerce wafted o'er the main,
 Thy barbarous climes enlighten as they run ;
 Arts, the rich traffic of the soul !
 May travel thus from pole to pole,
 And gild the world with learning's brighter sun.

Commerce gives learning, virtue, gold !
 Ply commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
 Innur'd to winds and seas ! lest gods repent :
 The gods that thron'd you in the wave,
 And, as the trident's emblem, gave
 A triple-realm that awes the continent :

And awes with wealth ; for wealth is pow'r :
 When Jove descends, a golden show'r,
 'Tis navies, armies, empire, all in one.—
 View, emulate, outshine old Tyre ;
 In scarlet rob'd, with gems on fire,
 Her merchants princes ! every deck a throne !

She sat an empress ! aw'd the flood !
 Her stable column Ocean trod ;
 She call'd the nations, and she call'd the seas,
 By both obey'd ; the Syrian sings ;
 The Cyprian's art her viol strings ;
 Togarmah's steed along her valley neighs.

The fir of Senir makes her floor,
 And Bashan's oak, transform'd, her oar ;
 High Lebanon her mast ; far Dedan warms
 Her mantled host ; Arabia feeds ;
 Her sail of purple Egypt spreads ;
 Arvad sends mariners ; the Persian arms.

The world's last limit bounds her fame,
The Golden City was her name !
Those stars on earth, the topaz, onyx, blaze
Beneath her foot : extent of coast,
And rich as Nile's, let others boast,
Her's the far nobler harvest of the seas.

O merchant land ! as Eden fair !
Ancient of empires ! nature's care !
The strength of ocean ! head of plenty's springs !
The pride of isles ! in wars rever'd !
Mother of crafts ! lov'd ! courted ! fear'd !
Pilot of kingdoms ! and support of kings !

Great mart of nations !—but she fell :
Her pamper'd sons revolt ! rebel !
Against his favourite isle loud roars the main !
The tempest howls ! her sculptur'd dome
Soon, the wolf's refuge, dragon's home !
The land, one altar ! a whole people, slain !

The destin'd Day puts on her frown ;
The sable Hour is coming down :
She's on her march from yon almighty throne :
The sword and storm are in her hand ;
She trumpets shrill her dread command :
Dark be the light of earth, the boast unknown !

For, oh ! her sins, as red as blood,
As crimson deep, outcry the flood :
The Queen of Trade is bought, once wise and just ;
Now venal is her council's tongue :
How riot, violence, and wrong,
Turn gold to dross, her blossom into dust !

To things inglorious, far beneath
Those high-born souls they proudly breathe,
Her sordid nobles sink ! her mighty bow !
Is it for this, the groves around
Return the tabret's sprightly sound ?
Is it for this, her great ones toss the brow ?

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign ?
To nuptials cold how glows the vein,
Confounding kindred, and misleading right ?
The spurious lord it o'er the land,
Bold Blasphemy dares make a stand,
Assault the sky, and brandish all her might !

Tyre's artizan, sweet orator,
Her merchant, sage, big man of war,
Her judge, her prophet, nay her hoary heads,
Whose brows with wisdom should be crown'd,
Her very priests, in guilt abound :
Hence, the world's cedar all her honours sheds.

What dearth of truth, what thirst of gold !
Chiefs warm in peace, in battle cold !
What youth unletter'd ! base ones lifted high !
What public boasts ! what private views !
What desert temples ! crowded stews !
What women—practis'd but to roll an eye !

O ! foul of heart, her fairest dames
Decline the sun's intruding beams,
To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts.
Alas ! there is who sees them there ;
There is who flatters not the fair,
When cymbals tinkle, and the virgin chaunts.

He sees, and thunders!—Now in vain
The courser paws and foams the rein,
And chariots stream along the printed soil :
In vain her high presumptuous air,
In gorgeous vestments, rich and rare,
O'er her prond shoulder throws the poor man's toil.

In robes or gems, her costly stain,
Green, scarlet, azure, shine in vain !
In vain their golden head her turrets rear ;
In vain high-flavour'd, foreign fruits,
Sidonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

In vain wine flows in various streams,
With helm and spear each pillar gleams ;
Damascens, vain ! unfolds the glossy store,
The golden wedge from Ophir's coasts,
From Arab incense, vain, she boasts ;
Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.

Bell falls ! the mighty Nebo bends !
The nations hiss ! her glory ends !
To ships, her confidence ! she flies from foes ;
Foes meet her there : the wind, the wave,
That once aid, strength, and grandeur gave,
Plunge her in seas from which her glory rose.

Her ivory deck, embroider'd sail,
And mast of cedar, nought avail,
Or pilot learn'd ! she sinks, nor sinks alone ;
Her gods sink with her ! to the sky,
Which never more shall meet her eye,
She sends her soul out in one dreadful groan.

What though so vast her naval might,
In her first dawn'd the British right,
All flags abas'd her sea-dominion greet :
What though she longer warr'd than Troy ;
At length her foes that isle destroy
Whose conquest sail'd as far as sail'd her fleet.

The kings she cloth'd in purple shake
Their awful brows : ' O foul mistake !
O fatal pride ! (they cry) this, this is she
Who said—With my own art and arm
In the world's wealth I wrap me warm—
And swell'd at heart, vain empress of the sea !

' This, this is she who meanly soar'd :
Alas ! how low to be ador'd,
And style herself a god !—Through stormy wars
This eagle-isle her thunder bore,
High-fed her young with human gore,
And would have built her nest among the stars.

' But, ah, frail man ! how impotent
To stand Heaven's vengeance, or prevent !
To turn aside the great Creator's aim !
Shall island-kings with him contend,
Who makes the poles beneath him bend,
And shall drink up the sea herself with flame ?

' Earth, ether, empyreum, bow,
When from the brazen mountain's brow
The God of battles takes his mighty bow :
Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
Puts on his vesture dipp'd in blood,
And marches out to scourge the world below.

‘ Ah wretched isle ! once call’d *the great* !
 Ah wretched isle ! and wise too late !
 The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out :
 Thy luxury, corruption, pride,
 And freedom lost, the realms deride,
 Ador’d thee standing, o’er thy ruins shout :

‘ To scourge with war, or peace bestow,
 Was thine, O fallen ! fallen low !
 ’Twas thine of jarring thrones to still debates :
 How art thou fallen, down, down, down !
 Wide waste, and night and horror frown,
 Where empire flam’d in gold and balanc’d states.’

STRAIN III.

HENCE learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
 Our fortunes wither or endure :
 Nations may thrive or perish by the wave.
 What storms from Jove’s unwilling frown,
 A people’s crimes solicit down !
 Ocean’s the womb of riches and the grave.

This truth, O Britain ! ponder well ;
 Virtues should rise as fortunes swell.
 What is large property ?—the sign of good,
 Of worth superior : if ’tis less,
 Another’s treasure we possess,
 And charge the gods with favours misbestow’d.

This counsel suits Britannia’s isle,
 High-flush’d with wealth and freedom’s smile :
 To vassals prison’d in the continent,
 Who starve, at home, on meagre toil,
 And suck to death their mother soil,
 ’Twere useless caution, and a truth mispent.

Fell tyrants strike beyond the bone,
And wound the soul; bow genius down,
Lay virtue waste! For worth or arts who strain,
To throw them at a monster's foot!
'Tis property supports pursuit:
Freedom gives eloquence, and freedom gain.

She pours the thought, and forms the style;
She makes the blood and spirits boil:
I feel her now! and rouse, and rise, and rave,
In Theban song. O muse! not thine,
Verse is gay Freedom's gift divine.
The man that can think greatly is no slave.

Others may traffic if they please;
Britain, fair daughter of the seas,
Is born for trade, to plough her field, the wave,
And reap the growth of every coast:
A speck of land; but let her boast
Gods gave the world, when they the waters gave.

Britain! behold the world's wide face;
Not cover'd half with solid space,
Three parts are fluid. Empire of the sea!
And why? for commerce. Ocean streams
For that, through all his various names;
And if for commerce, Ocean flows for thee.

Britain, like some great potentate
Of Eastern clime, retires in state,
Shuts out the nations! Would a prince draw nigh
He passes her strong guards, the waves,
Of servant winds admission craves:
Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.

There are her friends ; soft Zephyr there
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
Rough Boreas bursting from the pole ; all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil ;
The Caspian, the broad Baltic, boil,
And into life the dead Pacific scourge.

There are her friends, a marshall'd train !
A golden host ! and azure plain !
By turns do duty, and by turns retreat :
They may retreat, but not from her ;
The stars that quit this hemisphere,
Must quit the skies to want a British fleet.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn :
For her Orion's glories burn,
The Pleiads gleam. For Britons set and rise
The fair-fac'd sons of Mazaroth,
Near the deep chambers of the South,
The raging Dog that fires the midnight skies.

These nations Newton made his own ;
All intimate with him alone,
His mighty soul did, like a giant, run
To the last volume's closing star :
Decipher'd every character :
His reason pour'd new light upon the sun.

Let the proud brothers of the land
Smile at our rock and barren strand ;
Not such the sea : let Fohe's ancient line
Vast tracts and ample beings vaunt ;
The camel low, small elephant ;
O Britain ! the leviathan is thine.

Leviathan ! whom nature's strife
 Brought forth, her largest piece of life !
 He sleeps an isle ! his sports the billows warm !
 Dreadful leviathan ! thy spout
 Invades the skies ; the stars are out :
 He drinks a river, and ejects a storm.

The' Atlantic surge around our shore,
 German and Caledonian, roar ;
 Their mighty genii hold us in their lap :
 Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred ;
 ' The seas are ours,'—the monarchs said—
 The Floods their hands, their hands the Nations, clap.

Whence is a rival then to rise ?
 Can he be found beneath the skies ?
 Not there they dwell that can give Britain fear :
 The powers of earth, by rival aim,
 Her grandeur but the more proclaim,
 And prove their distance most as they draw near.

Proud Venice sits amid the waves,
 Her foot ambitious Ocean laves :
 Art's noblest boast ! but, O ! what wondrous odds
 'Twixt Venice and Britannia's isle ?
 'Twixt mortal and immortal toil ?
 Britannia is a Venice built by gods.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
 But not o'er friends by whom she rose ;
 The child of Britain ! and shall she contend ?
 It were no less than parricide !——
 What wonders rise from out the tide !
 Her high and mighty to the rudder bend.

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
Who think trade mean, and scorn to bow
So far beneath the state of noble birth?

Alas! these chiefs but little know
Commerce how high, themselves how low :
The sons of nobles are the sons of earth.

And what have earth's mean sons to do
But reap her fruits, and warm pursue
The world's chief good, not glut on others' toil?
High Commerce from the gods came down,
With compass, chart, and starry crown,
Their delegate to make the nations smile.

Blush, and behold the Russian bow ;
From forty crowns his mighty brow
To trade—to toil he turns his glorious hand ;
That arm which swept the bloody field,
See! the huge axe or hammer wield,
While sceptres wait, and thrones impatient stand.

O shame to subjects! first renown,
Matchless example to the crown!
Old Time is poor; what age boasts such a sight?
Ye drones! adore the man divine—
No virtue, still, as mean, decline;
Call Russians barbarous, and yourselves polite.

He too, of Judah, great as wise,
With Hiram strove in merchandise;
Monarchs with monarchs struggle for an oar!
That merchant sinking to his grave,
A flood of treasure swells the cave.
The king left much, the merchant buried more³.

³ Vast treasure taken from Solomon's tomb 1300 years after his death; 3000 talents at one time, and an immense sum the next.

Is merchant an inglorious name?
No; fit for Pindar such a theme,
Too great for me; I pant beneath the weight!
If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
If words and thoughts to court my choice
Outnumber'd sands, I could not reach its height.

Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign;
Those trade in blessing, these in pain,
At slaughter swell, and shout while nations groan:
With purple monarchs merchants vie:
If great to spend, what to supply? [down.
Priests pray for blessings, merchants pour them

Kings merchants are, in league and love:
Earth's odours pay soft airs above,
That o'er the teeming field prolific range.
Planets are merchants, take, return
Lustre and heat; by traffic burn.
The whole creation is one vast Exchange.

Is merchant an inglorious name?
What say the sons of letter'd fame,
Proud of their volumes, swelling in their cells?
In open life, in change of scene,
Mid various manners, throngs of men,
Experience, arts, and solid wisdom dwells.

Trade, art's mechanic, nature's stores
Well weighs; to starry science soars;
Reads warm in life (dead-colour'd by the pen)
The sites, tongues, interests, of the ball;
Who studies trade, he studies all:
Accomplish'd merchants are accomplish'd men.

STRAIN IV.

How shall I further rouse the soul !
 How sloth's lascivious reign control
 By verse with unextinguish'd ardour wrought ?
 How every breast inflame with mine ?
 How bid my theme still brighter shine,
 With wealth of words and unexhausted thought ?

O thou Dircæan swan on high,
 Round whom familiar thunders fly !
 While Jove attends a language like his own,
 Thy spirit pour, like vernal show'rs,
 My verse shall burst out with the flow'rs,
 While Britain's trade advances with her sun.

Though Britain was not born to fear,
 Grasp not at bloody fame from war ;
 Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade :
 Jove gathers tempest black as night ;
 Jove pours the golden flood of light :
 Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

Britain, a comet or a star,
 In commerce this, or that in war ;
 Let Britons shout ! earth, seas, and skies, resound !
 Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve,
 And spirit dart through every nerve, [nown'd.
 Hear from the throne⁴ a voice through time re-
 So fall from Heaven the vernal show'rs,
 To cheer the glebe and wake the flow'rs :
 The bloom call'd forth, see azure skies display'd :
 The bird of voice is proud to sing,
 Industrious bees ply every wing,
 Distend their cells, and urge their golden trade.

⁴ The King's Speech, Jan. 29, 1730.

Trade once extinguish'd, Britain's sun
 Is gone out too ; his race is run ;
 He shines in vain ; her life's an isle indeed,
 A spot too small to be o'ercome :
 Ah, dreadful safety ! wretched doom !
 No foe will conquer what no foe can feed.

Trade's the source, sinew, soul of all :
 Trade's all herself : her's, her's the ball :
 Where most unseen, the goddess still is there.
 Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze ;
 The courtier's pomp ! the student's ease !
 'Twas trade at Blenheim fought, and clos'd the war.

What Rome and all her gods defies ?
 The Punic oar ; behold it rise
 And battle for the world ! Trade gave the call ;
 Rich cordials from his naval art
 Sent the strong spirits to his heart,
 That bid an Afric merchant grasp the ball.

Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home ?
 Trade mark'd the soil, and built the dome,
 In which his Majesty first deign'd to dwell ;
 The walls with silver sheets o'erlaid,
 Rich as the sun, through gold unweigh'd,
 Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column swell.

Grandeur unknown to Solomon !
 Methinks the labouring earth should groan
 Beneath yon load^b ; created, sure, not made !
 Servant and rival of the skies !
 Heaven's arch alone can higher rise ;
 What hand immortal rais'd thee ?—humble Trade.

^b St. Paul's, built by the produce of a coal-tax.

Where hadst thou been if, left at large,
Those sinewy arms that tugg'd the barge
Had caught at Pleasure on the flowery green?
If they that watch'd the midnight star
Had swung behind the rolling car,
Or fill'd it with disgrace, where hadst thou been?

As by repletion men consume,
Abundance is the miser's doom :
Expend it nobly ; he that lets it rust
Which, passing numerous hands, would shine,
Is not a man, but living mine,
Foe to the gods, and rival to the dust.

Trade barbarous lands can polish fair,
Make earth well worth the wise man's care,
Call forth her forests, charm them into fleets ;
Can make one house of human race,
Can bid the distant poles embrace ;
Her's every sun ; and India India meets.

Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
With bounty feeds, with laurel courts ;
Trade gives fair virtue fairer still to shine ;
Enacts those guards of gain, the laws,
Exalts even freedom's glorious cause :
Trade, warn'd by Tyre, O make religion thine !

You lend each other mutual aid ;
Why is Heaven's smile in wealth convey'd ?
Not to place vice, but virtues, in our power.
Pleasure declin'd is luxury,
Boundless in time and in degree ;
Pleasure enjoy'd the tumult of an hour.

False joy's a discomposing thing,
That jars on Nature's trembling string,
Tempests the spirits, and untunes the frame :
True joy the sunshine of the soul,
A bright serene that calms the whole,
Which they ne'er knew whom other joys inflame.

Merchant ! religion is the care
To grow as rich—as angels are ;
To know false coin from true ; to sweep the main,
The mighty stake secure, beyond
The strongest tie of field or fund.
Commerce gives gold, religion makes it gain.

Join, then, religion to thy store,
Or India's mines will make thee poor.
Greater than Tyre ! O bear a nobler mind,
Sea-sovereign isle ! proud war decline,
Trade patronize ! What glory thine,
Ardent to bless, who could'st subdue, mankind ?

Rich commerce ply, with warmth divine,
By day, by night ; the stars are thine :
Wear out the stars in trade ! eternal run,
From age to age, the noble glow,
A rage to gain and to bestow :
While ages last ! in trade burn out the sun.

Trade, Britain's all, our sires sent down,
With toil, blood, treasure, ages won :
This Edgar great bequeath'd ; this Edward bold.
Let Forbisher's, let Raleigh's fire !
O let Columbus' shade inspire !
New worlds disclose, with Drake surround an old.

Columbus! scarce inferior fame
 For thee to find, than Heaven to frame,
 That womb of gold and gem⁶: her wide domain
 An universe! her rivers, seas!
 Her fruits, both men and gods to please!
 Heaven's fairest birth! and but for thee in vain.

Worlds still unknown deep shadows wrap;
 Call wonders forth from Nature's lap;
 New glory pour on her eternal sire:
 O noble search! O glorious care!
 Are you not Britons? why despair?
 New worlds are due to such a godlike sire.

Swear by the great Eliza's soul,
 That trade as long as waters roll—
 Ah! no; the gods chastise my rash decree:
 By great Eliza do not swear:
 For thee, O George! the gods declare,
 And thou for them! late time shall swear by thee.

Truth, bright as stars, with thee prevails;
 Full be thy fame as swelling sails;
 Constant, as tides, thy mind; as masts, elate;
 Thy justice an unerring helm,
 To steer Britannia's fickle realm;
 Thy numerous race, sure anchor of her state.

STRAIN V.

BRITANNIA's state what bounds confine!
 (Of rising thought! O golden mine!)
 Mountains, alps, streams, gulfs, oceans, set no bound;
 She sallies till she strikes the star;
 Expanding wide, and launching far
 As wind can fly, or rolling wave resound.

⁶ Vid. Description of America.

Small isle ! for Cæsars, for the son
 Of Jove, who burst from Macedon.
 For gorgeous easterns blazing o'er mankind,
 Then when they call'd the world their own,
 Not equal fame from fable shown :
 They rose to gods in half thy sphere confin'd.

Here no demand for fancy's wing ;
 Plain truths illustrious : as I sing,
 Oh hear yon spangled harp repeat my lay !
 Yon starry lyre has caught the sound,
 And spreads it to the planets round,
 Who best can tell where ends Britannia's sway.

The skies (fair printed page) unfold
 The naval fame of heroes old !
 As in a mirror show the adventurous throng :
 The deeds of Grecian mariners
 Are read by gods, are writ in stars,
 And noble verse that shall endure as long.

The skies are records of the main ;
 Thence Argo listens to my strain ;
 Chiron, for song renown'd, his noble rage
 For naval fame and song renews,
 As Britain's fame he hears and views ;
 Chiron, the Shovel ⁷ of a former age.

The Whale (for late I sung his praise)
 Pours grateful lustre on my lays.
 How smiles Arion's ⁸ friend with partial beams?
 Eridanus would flatter too,
 But jealousies his smiles subdue ;
 He fears a British rival in the Thames.

⁷ Sir Cloudesley Shovel.

⁸ The Dolphin.

In pride the Lion lifts his mane,
To see his British brothers reign
As stars below : the Balance, George! from thine,
Which weighs the nations, learns to weigh
More accurate the night and day ;
From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to shine.

Of Britain's court, ye lesser lights !
How could the wise man gaze whole nights
On Richmond's eye or Berenice's hair ?
But, oh ! you practise shameful arts ;
Your own retain, seize others' hearts.
Pirates, not merchants, are the British fair.

'Tis truth, I swear by Cynthia's beam :
Pale queen! be flush'd at Britain's fame ;
And, rolling, tell the nations—' O'er the main
To share her empire is thy pride.'
He, mighty Power! who curbs the tide,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

What is the main, ye kings renown'd !
Britannia's centre, and your bound ?
Austrian ! where'er leviathan can roll
Is Britain's home ! and Britain's mine
Where'er the ripening sun can shine !
Parts are for emperors ; for her the whole.

Why, Austrian ! wilt thou hover still
On doubtful wing, and want the skill
To see thy welfare in the world's ? too late
Another Churchill thou may'st find,
Another Churchill not so kind,
And other Blenheims big with other fate.

Ill thou remember'st, ill dost own
 Who rescued an ungrateful throne ;
 Ill thou consider'st that the kind are brave ;
 Ill dost thou weigh that in Time's womb
 A day may sleep, a day of doom,
 As great to ruin as was that to save.

How wouldst thou smile to hear my strain,
 Whose boasted inspiration's vain ?
 Yet what if my prediction should prove true ?
 Know'st thou the fatal pair who shine
 O'er Britain's trading empire? thine
 As one rejected, what if one subdue ?

What naval scene⁹ adorns the seat
 Of awful Britain's high debate,
 Inspires her councils, and records her pow'r ?
 The nations know, in glowing balls
 On sinking thrones the tempest falls,
 When our august, assembled senates low'r.

O language fit for thoughts so bold !
 Would Britain have her anger told ?
 Ah ! never let a meaner language sound,
 Than that which prostrates human souls,
 Through Heaven's dark vault impetuous rolls,
 And Nature rocks when angry Jove has frown'd.

Not realms unbounded, not a flood
 Of natives, not expense of blood,
 Or reach of counsel, gives the world a lord ;
 Trade calls him forth, and sets him high,
 As mortal man o'er men can fly.
 Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest sword.

⁹ The Spanish Armada, in the House of Lords.

Nay, her's the sword; for fleets have wings,
Like lightning fly to distant kings;
Like gods descend at once on trembling states.
Is war proclaim'd? our wars are hurl'd
To furthest confines of the world,
Surprise your ports, and thunder at your gates.

The king of tempests, Æolus,
Sends forth his pinion'd people thus,
On rapid errands; as they fly they roar,
And carry sable clouds, and sweep
The land, the desert, and the deep!
Earth shakes! proud cities fall, and thrones adore!

The fools of Nature ever strike
On bare outsides, and loath or like
As glitter bids; in endless error vie;
Admire the purple and the crown.
Of human welfare and renown
Trade's the big heart; bright empire but their eye.

Whence Tartar grand, and Mogul great?—
Trade gilt their titles, pour'd their state;
While Afric's black, lascivious, slothful breed,
To clasp their ruin, fly from toil,
That meanest product of their soil,
Their people, sell; one half on t'other feed.

Of Nature's wealth from commerce rent,
Afric's a glaring monument;
Mid citron forests, and pomegranate groves,
(Curs'd in a paradise!) she pines:
O'er generous glebes, o'er golden mines,
Her beggar'd, famish'd, tradeless native roves.

Not so thine, China! blooming wide!
 Thy numerous fleet might bridge the tide;
 Thy products would exhaust both India's mines.
 Shut be that gate of trade! or woe
 To Britain's! Europe 'twill o'erflow.
 Ungrateful song! her growth¹⁰ inspires thy lines.

Britain! to these, and such as these,
 The river broad, and foaming seas,
 Which sever lands to mortals less renown'd,
 Devoid of naval skill or might;
 Those sever'd parts of earth unite:
 Trade's the full pulse that sends their vigour round.

Could, O could one engrossing hand
 The various streams of trade command!
 That, like the sun, would gaze nations awe;
 That awful power the world would brave,
 Bold War, and empire proud, his slave;
 Mankind his subjects, and his will their law.

Hast thou look'd round the spacious earth?
 From commerce, Grandeur's humble birth:
 To George from Noah, empires living, dead,
 Their pride, their shame, their rise, their fall,
 Time's whole plain chronicle, is all
 One bright encomium, undesign'd, on trade.

Trade springs from peace, and wealth from trade,
 And power from wealth: of power is made
 The god on earth: hail, then, the dove of peace!
 Whose olive speaks the raging flood
 Of war repress'd: what's loss of blood?
 War is the death of commerce and increase.

¹⁰ Coffee.

Then perish war—detested war!
 Shalt thou make gods, like Cæsar's star?
 What calls man fool so loud as this has done,
 From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line?
 Why not adore, too, as divine,
 Wide wasting storms before the genial sun?

Peace is the merchant's summer clear!
 His harvest! harvest round the year!
 For peace, with laurel every mast be bound;
 Each deck carouse, each flag stream out,
 Each cannon sound, each sailor shout;
 For peace, let every sacred ship be crown'd!

Sacred are ships, of birth divine;
 An angel drew the first design;
 With which the patriarch¹¹ nature's ruins brav'd:
 Two worlds abroad, an old and new,
 He safe o'er foaming billows flew.
 The gods made human race; a pilot sav'd.

How sacred, too, the merchant's name!—
 When Britain blaz'd meridian fame¹², [law:
 Bright shone the sword, but brighter trade gave
 Merchants in distant courts rever'd,
 Where prouder statesmen ne'er appear'd,
 Merchants ambassadors! and thrones in awe!

'Tis theirs to know the tides, the times,
 The march of stars, the births of climes:
 Summer and winter theirs; theirs land and sea:
 Theirs are the seasons, months, and years,
 And each a different garland wears:—
 O that my song could add eternity!

¹¹ Noah.¹² In Queen Elizabeth's reign.

Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
 The burning lamp of godlike deeds:
 Immortal glory pays illustrious cares.
 Whither, ye Britons! are ye bound?
 O noble voyage, glorious round!
 Launch from the Thames, and end among the stars.

If to my subject rose my soul,
 Your fame should last while oceans roll :
 When other worlds in depths of time shall rise,
 As we the Greeks of mighty name,
 May they Britannia's fleet proclaim,
 Look up, and read her story in the skies¹³.

Ye Syrens! sing; ye Tritons! blow;
 Ye Nereids! dance; ye Billows! flow;
 Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng!
 Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
 Ye Navies! to the concert bound
 From pole to pole! to Britain all belong.

MORAL.

BRITAIN! thus bless'd, thy blessing know,
 Or bliss in vain the gods bestow;
 Its end fulfil, means cherish, source adore;
 Vain swellings of thy soul repress;
 They most may lose who most possess;
 Then let bliss awe, and tremble at thy store.

¹³ It is Sir Isaac Newton's opinion, that the principal constellations took their names from the Argonauts, to perpetuate that great action.

Nor be too fond of life at best;
Her cheerful; not enamour'd guest:
Let thought fly forward; 'twill gay prospects give;
Prospects immortal! that deride
A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,
And make it perfect fortitude to live.

O for eternity! a scene
To fair adventurers serene!
O, on that sea to deal in pure renown!
Traffic with gods! what transports roll!
What boundless import to the soul!
The poor man's empire! and the subject's crown!

Adore the gods, and plough the seas:
These be thy arts, O Britain! these.
Let others pant for an immense command;
Let others breathe war's fiery god:
The proudest victor fears thy nod,
Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.

Glorious while heav'n-born freedom lasts,
Which Trade's soft spurious daughter blasts:
For what is tyranny? a monstrous birth
From luxury, by bribes caress'd,
By glowing power in shades compress'd,
Which stalks around, and chains the groaning earth.

CLOSE.

THEE, Trade! I first, who boast no store,
Who owe thee nought, thus snatch from shore,
The shore of prose, where thou hast slumber'd long,
And send thy flag triumphant down
The tide of time to sure renown;
O bless my country! and thou pay'st my song.

Thou art the Briton's noblest theme ;
 Why, then, unsung? my simple aim
 To dress plain sense, and fire the generous blood,
 Not sport imaginations vain ;
 But list with yon ethereal train ¹⁴
 The shining Muse, to serve the public good.

Of ancient art, and ancient praise,
 The springs are open'd in my lays ¹⁵ :
 Olympic heroes' ghosts around me throng,
 And think their glory sung anew,
 Till chiefs of equal fame they view,
 Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.

Not Pindar's theme with mine compares ;
 As far surpass'd as useful cares
 Transcend diversion light, and glory vain :
 The wreath fantastic, shouting throng,
 And panting steed, to him belong ;
 The charioteer's, not empire's golden rein.

Nor, Chandos ! thou the Muse despise
 That would to glowing Ætna rise,
 (Such Pindar's breast) thou Theron of our time !
 Seldom to man the gods impart
 A Pindar's head or Theron's heart,
 In life or song how rare the true sublime !

¹⁴ The stars.

¹⁵ — Tibi res antiquæ laudis, et artis
 Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes,
 Ascræumque cano Romæ per oppida carmen.
 VIRG.

None British-born will sure disdain
This new, bold, moral, patriot strain,
Though not with genius, with some virtue crown'd;
(How vain the muse!) the lay may last,
Thus twin'd around the British mast,
The British mast with nobler laurels bound!

Weak ivy curls round naval oak,
And smiles at wind and storms unbroke;
By strength not her's sublime: thus proud to soar,
To Britain's grandeur cleaves my strain,
And lives and echoes through the plain,
While o'er the billows Britain's thunders roar.

Be dumb, ye grovelling sons of Verse,
Who sing not actions, but rehearse,
And fool the Muse with impotent desire;
Ye sacrilegious! who presume
To tarnish Britain's naval bloom,
Sing Britain's fame, with all her hero's fire.

CHORUS.

Ye Syrens! sing; ye Tritons! blow;
Ye Nereids! dance; ye Billows! flow;
Roll to my measures, O ye Starry Throng!
Ye Winds! in concert breathe around;
Ye Navies! to the concert bound
From pole to pole! to Britain all belong;
Britain to Heaven; from Heaven descends my song.

THE
FOREIGN ADDRESS;

OCCASIONED BY THE
BRITISH FLEET,

AND THE
POSTURE OF AFFAIRS,

MDCCXXXIV.

WRITTEN IN THE CHARACTER OF A SAILOR.

Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum. HOR.

YE guardian gods ! who wait on kings,
And gently touch the secret springs
Of rising thought, solicit, I beseech,
For a poor stranger come from far ;
Procure a suppliant traveller
Ease of access, and the soft hour of speech.

'Tis gain'd. Hail, monarchs great and wise !
From distant climes and dusky skies,
O'er seas and lands I flew, your ear to claim :
Yours is the sun and purple vine ;
Deep in the frozen North I pine ;
Nor vine nor sun could warm me like my theme.

A theme how great ! on yonder tide
A leafless forest spreading wide,
The labour of the deep, my muse surveys
A fleet whose empire o'er the wave
Your grant Time strengthens, Nature gave,
Now big with death, the terror of the seas !

Ye great by sea ! ye shades ador'd !
Who fir'd the bomb and bath'd the sword,
Arise ! arise ! arise ! 'tis Britain charms ;
Arise, ye boast of former wars !
And, pointing to your glorious scars,
Rouse me to verse, your martial sons to arms.

'Tis done : and see ! sweet Clio brings
From Heav'n her deep resounding strings ;
Clio ! the god¹ which gave thy charming shell,
Demands its most exalted strain
To sing the sovereign of the main :
Of Ocean's queen what wonders wilt thou tell ?

Such wonders as may pass for sport
Or vision in a southern court :
But, mighty thrones ! those truths which make me
Your fathers saw, your sons shall see ; [glow
Then quit your infidelity ;
Some truths 'tis better to believe than know.

Believe me, kings ! at Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood,
Huge oaks stalk down the' unshaded mountain's
The lofty pines assume new forms, [side ;
Fly round the globe, and live in storms,
And tread and triumph on the wondering tide.

¹ Neptune.

She nods again : the labouring earth
Discloses a stupendous birth ;
In smoking rivers runs her molten ore ;
Thence monsters of enormous size,
And hideous nature, frowning rise,
Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

These ministers of wrath fulfil,
On empires wide, an island's will :
Ye nations ! know ; know, all ye sceptred Pow'rs !
In sulphurous night, and massy balls,
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When stern Britannia's awful senate low'rs.

Bold is the style when hearts are bold :
Would Britain have her anger told ?
O ! never let a meaner language sound
Than that which through black ether rolls,
Than that which prostrates human souls,
And rocks pale realms, when angry Jove has frown'd.

In peace she sheathes her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine ;
Her cannon slumber at the world's desire ;
But give just cause, at once they blaze,
At once they thunder from the seas,
Touch'd by their injur'd master's soul of fire.

Then furies rise ! the battle raves !
And rends the skies, and warms the waves,
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of Nature, spite of Jove,
Whilst all serene, and hush'd above,
The boisterous winds in azure chambers sleep.

This, this, my monarchs ! is the scene
For hearts of proof, for gods of men ;
Here war's wholesting is shot, whole heart is spent !
You sport in arms ; how pale, how tame,
How lambent is Bellona's flame !
How her storms languish on the continent !

A swarm of deaths the mighty bomb
Now scatters from her glowing womb ;
Now the chain'd bolts, in dread alliance join'd,
Red-wing'd with an expanding blast,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, man and mast,
And leave a sing'd and naked hull behind.

Now—but I'm struck with pale despair,
My patrons ! what a burst was there !
The strong-ribb'd barks at once displying fly !
Insatiate death ! compendious fate !
Deep wound to some brave bleeding state !
One moment's guilt, a thousand heroes die.

The great, gay, graceful, young, and brave,
(Short obsequies !) the sable wave
Involves in endless night. Ye graveless dead !
Where are your conquests ? now you rove
Pale, pensive, through the coral grove,
Or shrink from Britain in your oozy bed.

While virgins fair, with tender toil,
Of fragrant blooms their gardens spoil,
Low lie the brows for which the wreath's design'd,
In sea-weed wrapt. Alas ! how vain
The hope, the joy, the grief, the pain ;
The love, and godlike valour, of mankind !

Of brass his heart who durst explore,
Shut up in triple brass and more,
Who when explor'd the secret durst explain,
How, in one instant, at one blow,
The maiden's sigh, the mother's throe,
Of half a widow'd land to render vain.

See ! yon cowl'd friar in his cell,
With sulphur flame, and crucible :
And can the charms of gold that saint inspire ?
O cursed cause ! O curs'd event !
O wondrous power of accident !
He rivals gods, and sets the globe on fire.

But the rank growth of modern ill
Too well deserv'd that fatal skill,
The skill by which destruction swiftly runs,
And seas, and lands, and worlds, lays waste
With far more terror, far more haste,
Than ancient Nimrod and his haughty sons.

In frown and force old War must yield :
The chariot scyth'd, which mow'd the field,
The ram, the castied elephant, were tame ;
Tame to rang'd ordinance, which denies,
Superior terror to the skies,
And claims the cloud, the thunder, and the flame

The flame, the thunder, and the clond,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirl'd in air, the yell, the sinking throng
The graveless dead, and ocean warn'd,
A firmament by mortals storm'd,
To wrong'd Britannia's angry brow belong.

Or do I dream or do I rave?
Or do I see the gloomy cave
Where Jove's red bolts the giant-brothers frame?
The swarthy gods of toil and heat
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

Ye sons of Ætna! hear my call;
Let your unfinish'd labours fall,
That shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue:
Suspend your toils, ye brawny throng!
Charm'd by the magic of my song,
Drop the feign'd thunder, and attempt the true.

Begin: and, first, take winged flight,
Fierce flames, and clouds of thickest night,
And trembling Terror, paler than the dead;
Then borrow from the North his roar,
Mix groans and death; one phial pour
Of dread Britannia's wrath, and it is made.

Yet, Peace celestial! may thy charms
Still fire our breasts, though clad in arms:
If scenes of blood avenging fates decree,
For thee the sword brave Britons wield;
For thee charge o'er the' embattled field, [thee.
Or plunge through seas, through crimson seas, for

Ev'n now for peace the gods are press'd;
We woo the nations to be bless'd;
For peace, victorious kings! we call to you:
For peace on pinions of the dove,
Soft emblem of eternal love!
Through trackless air, and desert skies, I flew.

My former lays ², of rough contents,
Of waves, and wars, and armaments,
Were but as peals of ordnance to confess
Your height of dignity, to clear
Your deaf, your late-obstructed ear,
And wake attention to more mild address.

Have I not heard you both declare,
Your hearts detest the purple war,
And melt in anguish for the world's repose?
Hail, then! all hail! your wish is crown'd,
Your godlike zeal through time renown'd,
Through Europe bless'd, with joy her heart o'erflows.

Your friend, your brother of the North,
To meet your arms comes smiling forth,
And leads soft-handed Peace: how powerful he!
His numerous race, the blossoms bright
Of golden empire, radiant sight!
Endless beam on into eternity.

What long allies!—the virgin train
Your most obdurate foes may gain:
See how their charms in lineal lustre shine!
Through every genuine branch the sire
Has darted rays of temper'd fire;
The mother breath'd soft air, and bloom divine.

How fair the field! ye' Aonian bees ³
The flowers ambrosial fondly seize,
Luxurious draw the sweet Hyblean strain;
That gods may lean from heaven to hear,
And my thron'd patron's ravish'd ear
The soul's rich nectar drink, and thirst again.

² The foregoing stanzas.

³ Poets.

Ev'n mine they taste, and with success :
Ambition's fumes my strains repress ;
The fever flies ; no noxious thoughts ferment ;
No frenzy, taking friends for foes ;
The pulse subsides ; they seek repose ;
Nor I my winged embassy repent.

No : by the blood of Blenheim's plain
I swear the rumour'd war is vain :
Shall Gallic faith and friendship ever cease ?
I swear by Europe's lovely dread,
I swear by great Eliza's shade,
The wise Iberian is the friend of peace.

Yet, lest I fail, (for prophets old
Not all infallible foretold)
We set our naval terrors in array.
Know, Britons ! an Augustus reigns ;
If foes compel, send forth your chains,
While haughty thrones, uncensur'd, might obey.

O, could I sing as you have fought,
I'd raise a monument of thought
Bright as the sun !—How you burn at my heart !
How the drums all around
Soul-rising resound !
Swift drawn from the thigh,
How the swords flame on high !
How the cannon's deep knell
Fates of kingdoms foretell !
How to battle, to battle, our brave fathers part,
How to battle, to conquest, to triumph, we dart !

But who gives conquest ? He whose ray
To darkness turns the blaze of day ;

Whose boundless favour far outflows the main ;
Whose power the raging waves can still,
And curb more rebel human will.—
With peace, O bless us ! or in war sustain.

Dost thou sustain ?—Ye twinkling fry !
That swim the seas, glide gently by ;
Though your scales glitter, though your numbers
Ah ! gently glide, for life's dear sake, [swarm,
Nor dare leviathan awake,
Who spouts a river, and who breathes a storm.

And now, who censures this address ?
Thus crowns, states, common men, make peace ;
They swell, sooth, double, dive, swear, pray, defy ;
And when rank Interest has prevail'd,
And Artifice the treaty seal'd,
Stark Love and Conscience own the bastard tie.

Ambassadors ! ye mouths of kings !
Ye missive monarchs ! empire's wings !
What though the muse your province proudly chose ?
'Tis a reprisal fairly made,
Her province you long since invade,
Ye perfect poets ! in the vale of prose.

More safe, O Muse ; that humble vale,
Than the proud surge and stormy gale :
Thy dangerous seas with wrecks are cover'd o'er :
Dulness and frenzy curse thy streams,
Rocks, infamous for murder'd names !
O ! strike thy swelling sails, and make to shore.

While warmer climes, in cooler strains,
Or tented fields, or dusty plains,

The bleeding horse and horseman hurl to ground ;
'Tis mine to sing, and sing the first,
That mighty shock, that dreadful burst
Of war, which bellows through the seas' profound.

Nor mean the song, or great my blame ;
When such the patrons, such the theme,
Who might not glow, soar, paint, with rage divine ?
Truth, simple Truth, I proudly dress'd
In Fancy's robe, her flowery vest
Dip'd in the curious colours of the Nine.

But, ah! 'tis past; I sink ; I faint;
Nor more can glow, or soar, or paint;
The reflux raptures from my bosom roll,
To Heaven returns the sacred maid,
And all her golden visions fade,
Ne'er to revisit my tumultuous soul.

My vocal shell ! which Thetis form'd
Beneath the waves which Venus warm'd
With all her charms, (if ancient tales be true)
And in thy pearly bosom glow'd
Ere Pæan silver chords bestow'd ;
My shell ! which Clio gave, which kings applaud,
Which Europe's bleeding Genius call'd abroad,
Adieu, pacific lyre ! my laurel'd thrones ! adieu.
Hear, Atticus ! your sailor's song : I sing, I live
for you.

RESIGNATION.

IN TWO PARTS.

AND A POSTSCRIPT.

TO MRS. BOSCAWEN¹.

My soul shall be satisfied, even as it were with marrow and
fatness; when my mouth praiseth thee with joyful lips.
Psalm lxxiii. 6.

PART I.

THE days how few, how short the years,
Of man's too rapid race!
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place!

They who the longest lease enjoy,
Have told us with a sigh,
That to be born seems little more
Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth
With fears alarm'd: and yet,
In life's delusions lull'd asleep,
This weighty truth forget.

And am not I to these a-kin?
Age slumbers o'er the quill;
Its honour blots whate'er it writes,
And am I writing still?

¹ The widow of Admiral Boscawen.

Conscious of Nature in decline,
And languor in my thoughts,
To soften censure, and abate
Its rigour on my faults.

Permit me, madam! ere to you
The promis'd verse I pay,
To touch on felt Infirmary,
Sad sister of Decay.

One world deceas'd, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whose white hairs and furrow'd brows
Too many suns have roll'd.

Happy the patriarch! he rejoic'd
His second world to see;
My second world, though gay the scene,
Can boast no charms for me.

To me this brilliant age appears
With desolation spread;
Near all with whom I liv'd and smil'd,
Whilst life was life, are dead;

And with them died my joys: the grave
Has broken nature's laws,
And clos'd against this feeble frame
Its partial, cruel jaws:

Cruel to spare! condemn'd to life!
A cloud impairs my sight;
My weak hand disobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

What shall I write? Thalia! tell;
Say, long abandon'd muse!
What field of fancy shall I range?
What subject shall I choose?

A choice of moment high inspire,
And rescue me from shame,
For doting on thy charms so late,
By grandeur in my theme.
Beyond the themes which most admire,
Which dazzle or amaze ;
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze,
Are themes which, in a world of woe,
Can best appease our pain,
And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Gay folly's flood restrain ;
Amidst the storms of life support
A calm unshaken mind,
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the resign'd.
O Resignation ! yet unsung,
Untouch'd by former strains,
Though claiming every Muse's smile,
And every poet's pains :
Beneath life's evening solemn shade
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou safest guard of youth !
Thou sole support of age !
All other duties crescents are
Of virtue faintly bright ;
The glorious consummation thou !
Which fills her orb with light :
How rarely fill'd ! the love divine
In evils to discern :
This the first lesson which we want,
The latest which we learn :

A melancholy truth ! for know,
Could our proud hearts resign,
The distance greatly would decrease
Twixt human and divine.

But though full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To soften sorrow, and forbid
The hursting tear to fall.

The task I dread: dare I to leave
Of human prose the shore,
And put to sea ? a dangerous sea !
What throngs have sunk before !
How proud the poet's billows swell !
The god ! the god ! his boast ;
A boast how vain ! what wrecks abound !
Dead bards stench every coast.

What then am I ? shall I presume,
On such a moulted wing,
Above the general wreck to rise,
And, in my winter, sing ?
When nightingales, when sweetest bards,
Confine their charming song
To summer's animating heats,
Content to warble young.

Yet write I must ; a lady² sues ;
How shameful her request ?
My brain in labour for dull rhyme !
Her's teeming with the best :

But you a stranger will excuse,
Nor scorn his feeble strain ;
To you a stranger, but, through fate,
No stranger to your pain.

² Mrs. Montague.

The ghost of Grief deceas'd ascends,
His old wound bleeds anew ;
His sorrows are recall'd to life
By those he sees in you :

Too well he knows the twisted strings
Of ardent hearts combin'd,
When rent asunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be resign'd!

Those tears you pour his eyes have shed ;
The pang you feel he felt ;
Thus Nature, loud as Virtue, bids
His heart at your's to melt.

But what can heart or head suggest?
What sad Experience say?
Through truths austere to peace we work
One rugged, gloomy way.

What are we? whence? for what? and whither?
Who know not needs must mourn ;
But Thought, bright daughter of the Skies!
Can tears to triumph turn.

Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's
Impenetrable shield,
When sent by Fate, we meet our foes
In sore Affliction's field :

It plucks the frightful mask from ills,
Forbids pale Fear to hide,
Beneath that dark disguise, a friend,
Which turns affection's tide.

Affection frail! train'd up by Sense,
From Reason's channel strays,
And whilst it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond erroneous stream
From daily-dying flowers,
To nourish rich immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bowers:

Whence throngs, in ecstasy look down
On what once shock'd their sight,
And thank the terrors of the past
For ages of delight.

All withers here ; who most possess
Are losers by their gain ;
Stung by full proof that, bad at best,
Life's idle all is vain :

Vain, in its course, life's murmuring stream ;
Did not its course offend,
But murmur cease, life, then, would seem
Still vainer, from its end.

How wretched ! who, through cruel Fate,
Have nothing to lament,
With the poor alms this world affords,
Deplorably content ?

Had not the Greek his world mistook,
His wish had been most wise ;
To be content with but one world,
Like him we should despise.

Of earth's revenue would you state
A full account and fair ?
We hope, and hope, and hope, then cast
The total up—despair.

Since vain all here, all future, vast,
Embrace the lot assign'd ;
Heav'n wounds to heal ; its frowns are friends ;
Its strokes severe most kind.

But in laps'd Nature rooted deep,
Blind Error domineers,
And on fools' errands, in the dark,
Sends out our hopes and fears ;

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleasures overprize ;
These oft persuade us to be weak,
Those urge us to be wise.

From Virtue's rugged path to right,
By Pleasure are we brought
To flowery fields of wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our fault :

Yet, whilst it chides, it speaks of peace,
If folly is withstood,
And says, time pays an easy price
For our eternal good.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in delusion great,
What an economist is man !
To spend his whole estate,

And beggar an eternity ?
For which, as he was born,
More worlds than one against it weigh'd,
As feathers he should scorn.

Say not your loss in triumph leads
Religion's feeble strife ;
Joys future amply reimburse
Joys bankrupts of this life.

But not deferr'd your joy so long,
It bears an early date ;
Affliction's ready pay in hand
Befriends our present state.

What are the tears which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl? like pearls of price,
They purchase lasting peace.

Grief soften hearts, and curbs the will,
Impetuous passion tames,
And keeps insatiate keen desire
From launching in extremes.

Through time's dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear should we see the will divine
Has but forestall'd our own.

At variance with our future wish,
Self-sever'd, we complain :
If so, the wounded, not the wound,
Must answer for the pain.

The day shall come, and swift of wing,
Though you may think it slow,
When, in the list of Fortune's smiles,
You'll enter frowns of woe.

For mark the path of Providence ;
This course it has pursued,
' Pain is the parent, woe the womb,
Of sound important good.'

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and endless ties,
And every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise.

'Twill sound severe—yet rest assur'd
I'm studious of your peace ;
Though I should dare to give you joy—
Yes, joy of his decease.

An hour shall come (you question this)

An hour, when you shall bless,
Beyond the brightest beams of life,
Dark days of your distress.

Hear, then, without surprise, a truth,
A daughter-truth to this,
Swift turns of Fortune often tie
A bleeding heart to bliss.

Esteem you this a paradox?
My sacred motto read ;
A glorious truth, divinely sung
By one whose heart had bled.

To Resignation swift he flew ;
In her a friend he found ;
A friend which bless'd him with a smile,
When gasping with his wound.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
But what is painful too ;
By travel, and to travel born,
Our sabbaths are but few.

To real joy we work our way,
Encountering many a shock,
Ere found what truly charms, as found
A Venus in the block.

In some disaster, some severe
Appointment for our sins,
That mother-blessing, (not so call'd)
True happiness, begins.

No martyr e'er defied the flames
By stings of life unvex'd ;
First rose some quarrel with this world,
Then passion for the next.

You see, then, pangs are parent-pangs,
The pangs of happy birth ;
Pangs, by which only can be born
True happiness on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or through time's records run,
And say, what is a man unstruck ?
It is a man undone.

This moment am I deeply stung—
My bold pretence is tried
When vain man boasts, Heav'n puts to proof
The vauntings of his pride.

Now need I, madam ! your support—
How exquisite the smart !
How critically tim'd the news³
Which strikes me to the heart !

The pangs of which I spoke I feel :
If worth like thine is born,
O long belov'd ! I bless the blow,
And triumph whilst I mourn.

Nor mourn I long ; by grief subdued
Be reason's empire shown ;
Deep anguish comes by Heaven's decree,
Continues by our own ;

And when continued past its point,
Indulg'd in length of time,
Grief is disgrace, and what was fate
Corrupts into a crime.

And shall I, criminally mean,
Myself and subject wrong ?
No ; my example shall support
The subject of my song.

³ The death of Mr. Richardson.

Madam! I grant your loss is great,
Nor little is your gain :
Let that be weigh'd; when weigh'd aright,
It richly pays your pain.

When Heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end,
It takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.

But such a friend!—and sigh no more !

'Tis prudent, but severe :
Heaven aid my weakness, and I drop
All sorrow—with this tear.

Perhaps your settled grief to soothe
I should not vainly strive,
But with soft balm your pain assuage,
Had he been still alive ;

Whose frequent aid brought kind relief
In my distress of thought,
Ting'd with his beams my cloudy page,
And beautified a fault.

To touch our passions' secret springs
Was his peculiar care ;
And deep his happy genius div'd
In bosoms of the fair.

Nature, which favours to the few
All art beyond imparts,
To him presented, at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle smooth address ;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbings of distress.

Howe'er, proceed I must, unblest'd
With Æsculapian art :
Know, Love sometimes, mistaken Love !
Plays Disaffection's part.

Nor lands, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,
Can soul from soul divide ;
They correspond from distant worlds,
Though transports are denied.

Are you not, then, unkindly kind ?
Is not your love severe ?
O ! stop that crystal source of woe,
Nor wound him with a tear.

As those above from human bliss
Receive increase of joy,
May not a stroke from human woe,
In part, their peace destroy ?

He lives in those he left ;—to what ?
Your, now, paternal care :
Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,
It will discern him there ;

In features, not of form alone,
But those, I trust, of mind,
Auspicious to the public weal,
And to their fate resign'd.

Think on the tempests he sustain'd,
Revolve his battles won,
And let those prophesy your joy
From such a father's son.

Is consolation what you seek ?
Fan, then, his martial fire ;
And animate to flame the sparks
Bequeath'd him by his sire.

As nothing great is born in haste,
Wise Nature's time allow ;
His father's laurels may descend,
And flourish on his brow.

Nor, madam ! be surpris'd to hear,
'That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field,
(Proud boasters !) than to you.

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn,
You are a soldier, and to fight
Superior battles born.

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood ; a banner bright !
High-way'd o'er all the world ;

It, like a streaming meteor, casts
An universal light ;
Sheds day, sheds more, eternal day,
On nations whelm'd in night.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory higher,
Than to sustain the dreadful blow,
When those we love expire ?

Go forth a moral Amazon,
Arm'd with undaunted thought ;
The battle won, though costing dear,
You'll think it cheaply bought.

The passive hero, who sits down
Unactive, and can smile
Beneath Affliction's galling load,
Out-acts a Cesar's toil.

The billows stain'd by slaughter'd foes,
Inferior praise afford ;
Reason's a bloodless conqueror,
More glorious than the sword.

Nor can the thunder of huzzas
From shouting nations, cause
Such sweet delight, as from your heart
Soft whispers of applause.

The dear deceas'd so fam'd in arms,
With what delight he'll view
His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd, twice, by you !

Share his delight ; take heed to shun
Of bosoms most diseas'd
That odd distemper, an absurd
Reluctance to be pleas'd.

Some seem in love with Sorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace :
This temper let me justly brand,
And stamp it with disgrace.

Sorrow ! of horrid parentage !
Thou second-born of hell !
Against Heaven's endless mercies pour'd
How dar'st thou to rebel ?

From black and noxious vapours bred,
And nurs'd by want of thought,
And to the door of Frenzy's self
By Perseverance brought.

Thy most inglorious, coward tears,
From brutal eyes have ran ;
Smiles, incommunicable smiles !
Are radiant marks of man ;

They cast a sudden glory round
The' illumin'd human race ;
And light, in sons of honest joy,
Some beams of Moses' face.

Is Resignation's lesson hard ?
Examine, we shall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguish of the mind.

Resign ; and all the load of life
That moment you remove ;
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on One above ;

Who bids us lay our burden down
On his Almighty hand,
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing a command.

For joy what canse ! how every sense
Is courted from above
The year around, with presents rich,
The growth of endless love !

But most o'erlook the blessings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapt up in sense,
Their prospect at the sun :

From that, their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,
On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler soul.

Broke loose from time's tenacious ties,
And earth's involving gloom,
To range at large its vast domain,
And talk with worlds to come :

They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run ;
And doing nothing for themselves,
Imagine nothing done.

Fatal mistake ! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not-doing is set down
Amongst their darkest deeds.

Though man sits still, and takes his ease,
God is at work on man ;
No means, no moments unemploy'd,
To bless him, if he can.

But man consents not, boldly bent
To fashion his own fate ;
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late.

Hence loud laments. Let me thy cause,
Indulgent Father ! plead ;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by thee was made.

What is thy whole creation fair ?—
Of love divine the child ;
Love brought it forth, and, from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly smil'd.

Now, and through periods distant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heaven is, and has in travail been ;
Its birth the good of man.

Man holds in constant service bound
The blustering winds and seas ;
Nor sous disdain to travel hard,
Their master, man, to please.

To final good the worst events
Through secret channels run;
Finish for man their destin'd course,
As 'twas for man begun.

One point (observ'd, perhaps, by few)
Has often smote, and smites
My mind, as demonstration strong
That Heav'n in man delights.

What's known to man of things unseen,
Of future worlds or fates?
So much, nor more, than what to man's
Sublime affairs relates.

What's revelation then? a list,
An inventory just,
Of that poor insect's goods so late
Call'd out of night and dust.

What various motives to rejoice!
To render joy sincere,
Has this no weight?—Our joy is felt
Beyond this narrow sphere.

Would we in Heav'n new Heav'n create,
And double its delight?
A smiling world, when Heav'n looks down,
How pleasing in its sight!

Angels stoop forward from their thrones
To hear its joyful lays;
As incense sweet enjoy, and join
Its aromatic praise.

Have we no cause to fear the stroke
Of Heaven's avenging rod,
When we presume to counteract
A sympathetic God?

If we resign, our patience makes
His rod an harmless wand ;
If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
Like that in Moses' hand ;

Like that it swallows up whate'er
Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whose baffled arts would boast below
Of joys a rival spring.

Consummate Love ! the list how large
Of blessings from thy hand ?
To banish sorrow, and be bless'd,
Is thy supreme command.

Are such commands but ill obey'd ?
Of bliss shall we complain ?
The man who dares to be a wretch,
Deserves still greater pain.

Joy is our duty, glory, health ;
The sunshine of the soul ;
Our best encomium on the Pow'r
Who sweetly plans the whole.

Joy is our Eden still possess'd :
Be gone, ignoble grief !
Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
Their nature our relief :

Relief, for man to that must stoop,
And his due distance know ;
Transport's the language of the skies,
Content the style below.

Content is joy ; and joy in pain
Is joy and virtue too ;
Thus, whilst good present we possess,
More precious we pursue.

Of joy the more we have in hand,
The more have we to come;
Joy, like our money, interest bears,
Which daily swells the sum.

‘ But how to smile, to stem the tide
Of nature in our veins;
Is it not hard to weep in joy?
What then to smile in pains?’

Victorious joy! which breaks the clouds,
And struggles through a storm,
Proclaims the mind as great as good,
And bids it doubly charm.

If doubly charming in our sex,
A sex by nature bold,
What then in yours? ’tis diamond there,
Triumphant o’er our gold.

And should not this complaint repress
And check the rising sigh?
Yet further opiate to your pain
I labour to supply.

Since spirits greatly damp’d distort
Ideas of delight,
Look through the medium of a friend,
To set your notions right.

As tears the sight, grief dims the soul;
Its object dark appears;
True friendship, like a rising sun,
The soul’s horizon clears.

A friend’s an optic to the mind
With sorrow clouded o’er;
And gives it strength of sight to see
Redress unseen before.

Reason is somewhat rough in man ;
Extremly smooth and fair,
When she, to grace her manly strength,
Assumes a female air.

A friend you have⁴, and I the same,
Whose prudent, soft address,
Will bring to life those healing thoughts
Which died in your distress.

That friend the spirit of my theme
Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common, such as these.

Let those lament, to whom full bowls
Of sparkling joys are giv'n ;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards Heav'n.

Woe to the soul at perfect ease !
'Tis brewing perfect pains ;
Lull'd Reason sleeps, the Pulse is king ;
Despotic Body reigns.

Have you ne'er pitied Joy's gay scenes,
And deem'd their glory dark ?

Alas, poor Envy ! she's stone-blind,
And quite mistakes her mark :

Her mark lies hid in sorrow's shades,
But sorrow well subdued ;

And in proud fortune's frown defied
By meek, unborrow'd good :

By Resignation ; all in that

A double friend may find,

A wing to Heaven, and, while on earth,
The pillow of mankind.

⁴ The celebrated Mrs. Montague.

On pillows void of down, for rest
Our restless hopes we place ;
When hopes of Heav'n lie warm at heart,
Our hearts repose in peace.

That peace, which Resignation yields,
Who feel alone can guess ;
'Tis disbeliev'd by murmuring minds,
They must conclude it less.

The loss or gain of that alone
Have we to hope or fear ;
That Fate controls, and can invert
The seasons of the year.

O ! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind ;
Through clouds, and storms, a summer breaks,
To shine on the resign'd.

While man, by that, of every grace
And virtue is possess'd,
Foul Vice her Pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breast.

By Resignation we defeat
The worst that can annoy,
And suffer with far more repose
Than worldlings can enjoy.

From small experience this I speak ;
O grant to those I love
Experience fuller far, ye Pow'rs
Who form our fates above !

My love where due, if not to those
Who, leaving grandeur, came
To shine on age in mean recess,
And light me to my theme :

A theme themselves ! a theme how rare !
The charms which they display
To triumph over captive heads,
Are set in bright array.
With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
His boasted laurels die ;
Learning and genius, wiser grown,
To female bosoms fly.
This revolution, fix'd by Fate,
In fable was foretold ;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold.
But as those ladies' ^s works I read,
They darted such a ray,
The latent sense burst out at once,
And shone in open day.
So burst full ripe distended fruits,
When strongly strikes the sun ;
And from the purple grape unpress'd,
Spontaneous nectars run.
Pallas, ('tis said) when Jove grew dull,
Forsook his drowsy brain,
And sprightly leap'd into the throne
Of Wisdom's brighter reign ;
Her helmet took ; that is, shot rays
Of formidable wit ;
And lance,—or genius most acute,
Which lines immortal writ ;
And gorgon shield,—or, power to fright
Man's folly dreadful shone ;
And many a blockhead (easy change !)
Turn'd instantly to stone.

^s Mrs. Montague. Mrs. Carter.

Our authors male, as then did Jove,
Now scratch a damag'd head,
And call for what once quarter'd there,
But find the goddess fled.

The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit!
That once forbidden tree,
Hedg'd in by surly man, is now
To Britain's daughters free.

In Eve (we know) of fruit so fair
The noble thirst began;
And they, like her, have caus'd a fall,
A fall of fame in man.

And since of genius in our sex,
O Addison! with thee
The sun is set, how I rejoice
This sister lamp to see!

It sheds, like Cynthia, silver beams
On man's nocturnal state:
His lessen'd light and languid pow'rs
I show, whilst I relate.

PART II.

BUT what in either sex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns!
'In ruffling seasons to be calm,
And smile when Fortune frowns.'
Heaven's choice is safer than our own;
Of ages past inquire,
What the most formidable fate?
'To have our own desire.'

If, in your wrath, the worst of foes
You wish extremely ill;
Expose him to the thunder's stroke,
Or that of his own will.

What numbers rushing down the steep
Of inclination strong,
Have perish'd in their ardent wish :
Wish ardent, ever wrong !

'Tis Resignation's full reverse,
Most wrong, as it implies
Error most fatal in our choice,
Detachment from the skies.

By closing with the skies, we make
Omnipotence our own ;
That done, how formidable Ill's
Whole army is o'erthrown !

No longer impotent and frail,
Ourselves above we rise ;
We scarce believe ourselves below ;
We trespass on the skies.

The Lord, the soul, and source of all,
Whilst man enjoys his ease,
Is executing human will
In earth, and air, and seas.

Beyond us what can angels boast ?
Archangels what require ?
Whate'er below, above, is done,
Is done—as we desire.

What glory this for man so mean,
Whose life is but a span ?
This is meridian majesty !
This, the sublime of man !

Beyond the boast of pagan song
My sacred subject shines,
And for a foil the lustre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines.

' All that the sun surveys subdued,
But Cato's mighty mind'—
How grand! most true; yet far beneath
The soul of the resign'd.

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
To passion that gives law;
Its matchless empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe.

That fatal pride, whose cruel point
Transfix'd his noble breast;
Far nobler! if his fate sustain'd
Had left to Heaven the rest:

Then he the palm had borne away,
At distance Cæsar thrown;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the skies his own.

What cannot resignation do?—
It wonders can perform:
That powerful charm, 'Thy will be done,'
Can lay the loudest storm.

Come, Resignation! then, from fields,
Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, bless'd martyrs' souls
Ascended to their King.

Who is it calls thee? One whose need
Transcends the common size;
Who stands in front against a foe
To which none equal rise:

In front he stands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal state;
How dreadful his appointed post!
How strongly arm'd by fate!

His threatening foe ! what shadows deep
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow !
His dart tremendous !—at fourscore
My sole asylum thou.

Haste then, O Resignation ! haste,
'Tis thine to reconcile
My foe and me ; at thy approach
My foe begins to smile.

O for that summit of my wish,
Whilst here I draw my breath,
That promise of eternal life,
A glorious smile in death !

What sight, Heaven's azure arch beneath,
Hath most of heaven to boast ?
The man resign'd, at once serene,
And giving up the ghost.

At Death's arrival they shall smile
Who, not in life o'er-gay,
Serious and frequent thought send out
To meet him on his way.

My gay-coëvals ! (such there are)
If happiness is dear,
Approaching death's alarming day
Discreetly let us fear.

The fear of death is truly wise,
Till wisdom can rise higher :
And, arm'd with pious fortitude,
Death, dreaded once, desire.

Grand climacteric vanities
The vainest will despise ;
Shock'd when, beneath the snow of age,
Man immaturely dies.

But am not I myself the man?
No need abroad to roam
In quest of faults to be chastis'd;
What cause to blush at home!
In life's decline, when men relapse
Into the sports of youth,
The second child outfools the first,
And tempts the lash of truth.
Shall a mere truant from the grave
With rival boys engage?
His trembling voice attempt to sing,
And ape the poet's rage?
Here, madam; let me visit one,
My fault who partly shares,
And tell myself, by telling him,
What more becomes our years.
And if your breast with prudent zeal
For Resignation glows,
You will not disapprove a just
Resentment at its foes.
In youth, Voltaire! our foibles plead
For some indulgence due;
When heads are white, their thoughts and aims
Should change their colour too.
How are you cheated by your wit!
Old age is bound to pay,
By Nature's law, a mind discreet,
For joys it takes away.
A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reversing human lot;
In age, 'tis honour to lie hid,
'Tis praise to be forgot.

Early I knew him, early prais'd,
And long to praise him late ;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate :
A fate how much to be deplor'd,
At which our nature starts !
Forbear to fall on your own sword,
To perish by your parts.
' But great your name '—To feed on air
Were then immortals born ?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the scorn.
Can fame your carcass from the worm,
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or soul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe save ?
But fame you lose ; good sense alone,
Your idol, praise can claim ;
When wild wit murders happiness,
It puts to death our fame.
Nor boast your genius ; talents bright
Ev'n dunces will despise,
If in your western beams is miss'd
A genius for the skies.
Your taste, too, fails : what most excels,
True taste must relish most ;
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudest laurels boast ?
Sound heads salvation's helmet⁸ seek ;
Resplendent are its rays :
Let that suffice ; it needs no plume
Of sublunary praise.

⁸ Eph. vi. 17.

May this enable couch'd Voltaire
To see that—'All is right?'
His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,
Restoring to its sight.

If so, all's well : who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiven ;
I speak with joy, with joy he'll hear,
'Voltaires are, now, in Heaven.'

Nay, such philanthropy divine,
So boundless in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoop most profound!) to me.

Let others cruel stars arraign,
Or dwell on their distress ;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart express.

Walking, the present God was seen,
Of old, in Eden fair :
The God as present, by plain steps
Of providential care.

I behold passing through my life ;
His awful voice I hear ;
And conscious of my nakedness,
Would hide myself for fear :

But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from his sight ?
Naked the centre to that eye,
To which the sun is night.

As yonder glittering lamps on high
Through night illumin'd roll ;
May thoughts of him by whom they shine
Chase darkness from my soul !

⁹ Which his romance ridicules.

My soul, which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuscript
Of sun, and moon, and stars ;

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vast machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my small world within ;

A world that shall survive the fall
Of all his wonders here ;
Survive, when suns ten thousand drop,
And leave a darken'd sphere.

Yon matter gross, how bright it shines !
For time how great his care !
Sure spirit and eternity
Far richer glories share.

Let those our hearts impress, on those
Our contemplation dwell ;
On those my thoughts how justly thrown,
By what I now shall tell ?

When backward with attentive mind
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myself beyond
Propitious to my peace :

Through all the crooked paths I trod,
My folly he pursued ;
My heart astray, to quick return
Importunately woo'd.

Due Resignation home to press
On my capricious will,
How many rescues did I meet
Beneath the mask of ill !

How many foes in ambush laid
Beneath my soul's desire !
The deepest penitents are made
By what we most admire.

Have I not sometimes, (real good
So little mortals know !)
Mounting the summit of my wish,
Profoundly plung'd in woe ?

I rarely plann'd, but cause I found
My plan's defeat to bless :
Oft I lamented an event,
It turn'd to my success.

By sharpen'd appetite to give
To good intense delight,
Through dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right.

And is not this the gloomy path
Which you are treading now ?
The path most gloomy leads to light,
When our proud passions bow.

When labouring under fancied ill,
My spirits to sustain,
He kindly cur'd with sovereign draughts
Of unimagin'd pain.

Pain'd Sense from Fancy's tyranny
Alone can set us free :
A thousand miseries we feel,
Till sunk in misery.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wish,
Our wish we relish less :
Success, a sort of suicide,
Is ruin'd by success.

Sometimes he led me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Bid terror whisper kind advice,
And taught the tomb to save.

To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds,
As spangles, o'er us shine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
My soul's delight resign.

We to ourselves, but through the means
Of mirrors are unknown ;
In this my fate can you descry
No features of your own ?

And if you can, let that excuse
These self-recording lines ;
A record modesty forbids,
Or to small bound confines.

In grief why deep ingulf'd ? you see
You suffer nothing rare ;
Uncommon grief for common fate ;
That wisdom cannot bear.

When streams flow backward to their source,
And humbler flames descend,
And mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,
Then human sorrows end :

But human prudence, too, must cease
When sorrows domineer,
When fortitude has lost its fire,
And freezes into fear.

The pang most poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight ;
I see a fair creation rise
From Chaos and old Night.

From what seem'd horror and despair,
The richest harvest rose,
And gave me, in the nod divine,
An absolute repose.

Of all the blunders of mankind,
More gross, or frequent, none,
Than in their grief and joy misplac'd
Eternally are shown.

But whither points all this parade?
It says, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperus'd,
Which you should greatly prize.

Of self-perusal, science rare!
Few know the mighty gain;
Learn'd prelates, self-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain.

Self-knowledge, which from Heaven itself
(So sages tell us) came,
What is it, but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme?

Unletter'd and untravell'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they consult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind.

Enter your bosom; there you'll find
A revelation new,
A revelation personal,
Which none can read but you.

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, through life,
To fresh remembrance brought.

A mighty Being ! and in him
A complicated friend,
A father, brother, spouse ; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end.
Who such a matchless friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart ;
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part.
As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large clusters big with wine,
We scarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.
My short advice to you may sound
Obscure, or somewhat odd,
Though 'tis the best that man can give :
' Ev'n be content with God.'
Through love, he gave you the deceas'd ;
Through greater, took him hence :
This Reason fully could evince,
Though murmur'd at by Sense.
This friend, far past the kindest kind,
Is past the greatest great ;
His greatness let me touch in points
Not foreign to your state.
His eye, this instant reads your heart,
A truth less obvious hear,
This instant its most secret thoughts
Are sounding in his ear.
Dispute you this ? O stand in awe,
And cease your sorrow ; know,
That tear now trickling down he saw
Ten thousand years ago ;

And twice ten thousand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To reason's bound, will he behold
Your prudence with a smile ;
A smile which through eternity
Diffuses so bright rays,
The dimmest deifies ev'n guilt,
If guilt at last obeys.

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn,
When such a Sovereign reigns)
Your guilt diminish, peace pursue ;
How glorious peace in pains !

Here, then, your sorrows cease ; if not,
Think how unhappy they
Who guilt increase by streaming tears,
Which guilt should wash away.

Of tears that gush profuse restrain ;
Whence burst the dismal sighs ?
They from the throbbing breast of one
(Strange truth !) most happy rise.

Not angels (hear it, and exalt !)
Enjoy a larger share
Than is indulg'd to you, and yours,
Of God's impartial care.

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown ;
For all his care as absolute
As all had been but one.

And is he then so near ? so kind ?—
How little then, and great,
That riddle, Man ! O let me gaze
At wonders in his fate !

His fate, who yesterday did crawl
A worm from darkness deep,
And shall, with brother worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow sleep.

How mean! and yet if well obey'd
His mighty Master's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is deem'd a boon too small:

Too small the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the dust!
Account amazing! yet most true;
My song is bold, yet just.

Man born for infinite, in whom
No period can destroy
The power in exquisite extremes
To suffer, or enjoy.

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He's beggar'd and undone!
Imprison'd in unbounded space!
Benighted by the sun!

For what's the sun's meridian blaze
To the most feeble ray
Which glimmers from the distant dawn
Of uncreated day?

'Tis not the poet's rapture feign'd,
Swells here; the vain to please;
The mind most sober kindles most
At truths sublime as these.

They warm ev'n me.—I dare not say
Divine ambition strove
Not to bless only, but confound,
Nay fright us, with its love;

And yet so frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd sun, and rising dead,
So formidably spoke?

And are we darker than that sun?
Than rocks more hard and blind?
We are;—if not to such a God
In agonies resign'd.

Yea, even in agonies forbear
To doubt almighty Love;
Whate'er endears eternity,
Is mercy from above.

What most embitters time, that most
Eternity endears;
And thus, by plunging in distress,
Exalts us to the spheres;

Joy's fountain-head! where bliss o'er bliss,
O'er wonders wonders rise,
And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wise;

Ambrosial banquet! rich in wines
Nectareous to the soul!

What transports sparkle from the stream,
As angels fill the bowl!

Fountain profuse of every bliss!
Good-will immense prevails:
Man's line can't fathom its profound;
An angel's plummet fails.

Thy love and might, by what they know
Who judge, nor dream of more;
They ask a drop, how deep the sea?
One sand, how wide the shore?

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity !
The thousandth part who comprehends,
A deity is he.

How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is sown !
How tubes astonish us with those
More deep in æther thrown !

And those beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more ?—
In lieu of answer, let us all
Fall prostrate and adore.

Since thou art infinite in pow'r,
Nor thy indulgence less ;
Since man, quite impotent, and blind,
Oft drops into distress ;

Say, what is Resignation? 'Tis
Man's weakness understood ;
And Wisdom grasping, with a hand
Far stronger, every good.

Let rash repiners stand appall'd,
In thee who dare not trust ;
Whose abject souls, like demons dark,
Are murmuring in the dust.

For man to murmur or repine
At what by thee is done,
No less absurd than to complain
Of darkness in the sun.

Who would not, with a heart at ease,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wisdom and Goodness at the helm,
The roughest ocean plough ?

What though I'm swallow'd in the deep ?

Though mountains o'er me roar ?

Jehovah reigns ! as Jonah safe

I'm landed, and adore !

Thy will is welcome, let it wear

Its most tremendous form :

Roar, waves ! rage, winds ! I know that thou

Canst save me by a storm.

From thee immortal spirits born,

To thee their fountain flow,

If wise, as curl'd around to theirs

Meandering streams below.

Not less compell'd by reason's call,

To thee our souls aspire,

Than to thy skies, by nature's law,

High mounts material fire :

To thee aspiring they exult ;

I feel my spirits rise,

I feel myself thy son, and pant

For patrimonial skies.

Since ardent thirst of future good,

And generous sense of past,

To thee man's prudence strongly ties,

And binds affection fast.

Since great thy love, and great our want,

And men the wisest blind,

And bliss our aim, pronounce us all

Distracted or resign'd :

Resign'd through duty, interest, shame ;

Deep shame ! dare I complain,

When (wondrous truth !) in Heav'n itself

Joy ow'd its birth to pain ?

And pain for me ! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl ;
And shall one drop, to murmur bold
Provoke my guilty soul ?

If pardon'd this, what cause, what crime
Can indignation raise ?

The sun was lighted up to shine,
And man was born to praise :

And when to praise thee man shall cease,
Or sun to strike the view ;
A cloud dishonours both, but man's
The blacker of the two.

For, oh ! ingratitude how black !
With most profound amaze
At love, which man belov'd o'erlooks,
Astonish'd angels gaze.

Praise cheers, and warms, like generous wine ;
Praise, more divine than pray'r ;
Pray'r points our ready path to Heav'n ;
Praise is already there.

Let plausible Resignation rise,
And banish all complaint ;
All virtues thronging into one,
It finishes the saint ;

Makes the man bless'd as man can be ;
Life's labours renders light ;
Darts beams through fate's incumbent gloom,
And lights our sun by night.

'Tis Nature's brightest ornament,
The richest gift of Grace,
Rival of angels, and supreme
Proprietor of peace :

Nay, peace beyond, no small degree
Of rapture 'twill impart ;
Know, madam ! ' when your heart's in Heav'n,
All heav'n is in your heart.'
But who to Heav'n their hearts can raise ?
Denied divine support,
All virtue dies ; support divine
The wise with ardour court :
When prayer partakes the seraph's fire,
'Tis mounted on his wing,
Bursts through Heav'n's crystal gates, and gains
Sure audience of its King.
The labouring soul from sore distress
That bless'd expedient frees ;
I see you far advanc'd in peace ;
I see you on your knees.
How on that posture has the beam
Divine for ever shone ?
An humble heart, God's other seat ¹⁰ !
The rival of his throne.
And stoops Omnipotence so low ?
And condescends to dwell
Eternity's inhabitant,
Well-pleas'd, in such a cell ?
Such honour how shall we repay ?
How treat our guest divine ?—
The sacrifice supreme be slain !
Let self-will die : Resign.
Thus far, at large, on our disease ;
Now, let the cause be shown,
Whence rises, and will ever rise,
The dismal human groan.

¹⁰ Isaiah. lvii. 15.

What our sole fountain of distress?—

Strong passion for this scene;
That trifles makes important things
Of mighty moment mean.

When earth's dark maxims poison shed
On our polluted souls,
Our hearts and interests fly as far
Asunder as the poles.

Like princes in a cottage nurs'd
Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims and sordid joys
Our grandeur we disgrace.

O for an Archimedes new,
Of moral powers possess'd,
The world to move and quite expel
That traitor from the breast!

No small advantage may be reap'd
From thought whence we descend;
From weighing well, and prizing weigh'd,
Our origin and end;

From far above the glorious sun
To this dim scene we came;
And may, if wise, for ever bask
In great Jehovah's beam:

Let that bright beam, on reason rous'd,
In awful lustre rise,
Earth's giant ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all disquiet dies:

Earth's glories, too, their splendour lose,
Those phantoms charm no more;
Empire's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor;

• Then levell'd quite, whilst yet alive,
The monarch and his slave ;
Nor wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That lesson from the grave.

A George the Third would then be low
As Lewis in renown,
Could he not boast of glory more
Than sparkles from a crown.

When human glory rises high
As human glory can ;
When, though the king is truly great,
Still greater is the man :

The man is dead where virtue fails ;
And though the monarch proud
In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy shroud.

Wisdom! where art thou? None on earth,
Though grasping wealth, fame, power,
But what, O Death! through thy approach
Is wiser every hour.

Approach how swift! how unconfin'd!
Worms feast on viands rare ;
Those little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare.

From kings what resignation due
To that Almighty Will,
Which thrones bestows ; and, when they fail,
Can throne them higher still !

Who truly great? the good and brave,
The masters of a mind,
The will divine to do resolv'd ;
To suffer it, resign'd.

Madam ! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a solemn scene,
The border of the grave ;

Where strongly strikes the trembling soul
Eternity's dread pow'r,
As bursting on it through the thin
Partition of an hour.

Hear this, Voltaire ! but this from me
Runs hazard of your frown :
However, spare it ; ere you die,
Such thoughts will be your own.

In mercy to yourself, forbear
My notions to chastise,
Lest unawares the gay Voltaire
Should blame Voltaire the wise.

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,
Now makes us disagree ;
When a far louder trumpet sounds,
Voltaire will close with me.

How shocking is that modesty
Which keeps some honest men
From urging what their hearts suggest,
When brav'd by Folly's pen,

Assaulting truths, of which in all
Is sown the sacred seed !
Our constitution's orthodox,
And closes with our creed.

What then are they whose proud conceits
Superior wisdom boast ?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be lost.

Though Vice by no superior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay ;
Through pure disinterested love
Of ruin they obey ;
Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Though tempted by no prize ;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lies
From Fancy's forge : gay Fancy smiles
At Reason plain and cool ;
Fancy, whose curious trade it is
To make the finest fool.
Voltaire ! long life's the greatest curse
That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live ;
Quite thoughtless of their day of death,
That birth-day of their sorrow ;
Knowing it may be distant far,
Nor crush them till—to-morrow.
These are cold northern thoughts, conceiv'd
Beneath an humble cot ;
Not mine your genius, or your state,
No Castle¹¹ is my lot :
But soon, quite level shall we lie ;
And what pride most bemoans,
Our parts, in rank so distant now,
As level as our bones.
Hear you that sound ? alarming sound !
Prepare to meet your fate !
One, who writes *finis* to our works,
Is knocking at the gate.

¹¹ Letter to Lord Lyttelton.

Far other works will soon be weigh'd ;
Far other judges sit ;

Far other crowns be lost, or won,
Than fire ambitious wit.

Their wit far brightest will be prov'd,
Who sunk it in good sense,
And veneration most profound
Of dread Omnipotence !

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of bless'd eternity ;
O may'st thou never, never lose
That more than golden key ¹² !

Whate'er may seem too rough, excuse ;
Your good I have at heart ;
Since from my soul I wish you well,
As yet we must not part :

Shall you and I, in love with life,
Life's future schemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjust,
That we are still alive ?

What have we left ? how mean in man
A shadow's shade to crave ?
When life, so vain ! is vainer still,
'Tis time to take our leave.

Happier, than happiest life his death,
Who, falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes *Vici* on his shield :

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize,
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Descends into the skies.

¹² Alluding to Prussia.

O how disorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix !
When Nature strikes no less than twelve,
And Folly points at six !
To mend the movements of your heart,
How great is my delight !
Gently to wind your morals up,
And set your hand aright !
That hand, which spread your wisdom wide
To poison distant lands :
Repent, recant ; the tainted age
Your antidote demands.
To Satan dreadfully resign'd
Whole herds rush down the steep
Of folly, by lewd wits possess'd,
And perish in the deep.
Men's praise your vanity pursues :
'Tis well, pursue it still ;
But let it be of men deceas'd,
And you'll resign the will :
And how superior they to those
At whose applause you aim,
How very far superior they
In number and in name !

POSTSCRIPT.

THUS have I written, when to write
No mortal should presume ;
Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb.
The public frowns, and censures loud
My puerile employ :
Though just the censure, if you smile,
The scandal I enjoy.

But sing no more—no more I sing,
Or reassume the lyre,
Unless vouchsaf'd an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir.

What myriads swell the concert loud!
Their golden harps resound
High as the footstool of the throne,
And deep as hell profound:

Hell (horrid contrast) chord and song
Of raptur'd angels drowns
In self-will's peal of blasphemies,
And hideous burst of groans;

But drowns them not to me; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to speak)
From echoing pole to pole!

Whilst this grand chorus shakes the skies—
'Above, beneath the sun,
Through boundless age, by men, by gods
Jehovah's will be done.'

'Tis done in Heav'n; whence headlong hurl'd
Self-will, with Satan, fell;
And must from earth be banish'd too,
Or earth's another hell.

Madam! self-will inflicts your pains;
Self-will's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the dismal shades,
And points the shafts of woe.

Your debt to Nature fully paid,
Now Virtue claims her due;
But Virtue's cause I need not plead,
'Tis safe; I write to you.

You know, that virtue's basis lies
In ever judging right ;
And wiping error's clouds away,
Which dim the mental sight.

Why mourn the dead ? you wrong the grave,
From storm that safe resort ;
We are still tossing out at sea,
Our admiral in port.

Was death denied, this world a scene
How dismal and forlorn !
To death we owe, that 'tis to man
A blessing to be born.

When every other blessing fails,
Or sap'd by slow decay,
Or storm'd by sudden blasts of fate,
Is swiftly hurl'd away !

How happy ! that no storm, or time,
Of death can rob the just !
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the dust !

Well pleas'd to bear Heaven's darkest frown,
Your utmost pow'r employ ;
'Tis noble chemistry to turn
Necessity to joy.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
My fate shall be my choice ;
Determin'd am I, whilst I breathe,
To praise and to rejoice.

What ample canse ! triumphant hope !
O rich eternity !

I start not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpse of thee.

And Thou! its great inhabitant!
 How glorious dost thou shine;
 And dart through sorrow, danger, death,
 A beam of joy divine.

The void of joy (with some concern
 The truth severe I tell)
 Is an impenitent in guilt,
 A fool, or infidel.

Weigh this, ye pupils of Voltaire!
 From joyless murmur free;
 Or, let us know, which character
 Shall crown you of the three.

Resign, resign: this lesson none
 Too deeply can instil;
 A crown has been resign'd by more
 Than have resign'd the will;

Though will resign'd the meanest makes
 Superior in renown,
 And richer in celestial eyes,
 Than he who wears a crown.

Hence in the bosom of cold age
 Is kindled a strange aim
 To shine in song, and bid me boast
 The grandeur of my theme:

But, oh! how far presumption falls
 Its lofty theme below!
 Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
 And numbers cease to flow.

First! Greatest! Best! grant what I wrote
 For others ne'er may rise
 To brand the writer; thou alone
 Canst make our wisdom wise.

And how unwise, how deep in guilt,
How infamous the fault,
' A teacher thron'd in pomp of words,
In deed beneath the taught !'

Means most infallible to make
The world an infidel,
And with instructions most divine
'To pave a path to hell.

O for a clean and ardent heart !
O for a soul on fire !
Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
Where angels string the lyre !

How cold is man ! to him how hard,
(Hard what most easy seems)
' To set a just esteem on that,
Which yet he—most esteems.'

What shall we say, when boundless bliss
Is offer'd to mankind,
And to that offer when a race
Of rationals is blind ?

Of human nature, ne'er too high
Are our ideas wrought ;
Of human merit, ne'er too low
Depress'd the daring thought.

THE
OLD MAN'S RELAPSE.

OCCASIONED BY A POETICAL EPISTLE, ADDRESSED
FROM MR. DODINGTON TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

—
Sopitos suscitāt ignes. VIRG.
—

FROM man's too curious and impatient sight,
The future, Heaven involves in thickest night.
Credit grey hairs : though freedom much we boast,
Some least perform, what they determine most.
What sudden changes our resolves betray ?
To-morrow is a satire on to-day,
And shows its weakness. Whom shall men believe,
When constantly themselves themselves deceive ?

Long had I bid my once-lov'd muse adieu ;
You warm old age ; my passion burns anew.
How sweet your verse ! How great your force of
mind !

What power of words ! What skill in dark mankind !
Polite the conduct ; generous the design ;
And beauty files, and strength sustains each line.
Thus Mars and Venus are once more beset ;
Your wit has caught them in its golden net.

But what strikes home with most exalted grace
Is, haughty Genius taught to know its place ;

And, where worth shines, its humbled crest to bend,
With zeal devoted to that godlike end.
When we discern so rich a vein of sense,
Through the smooth flow of purest eloquence ;
'Tis like the limpid streams of Tagus roll'd
O'er boundless wealth, o'er shining beds of gold.

But whence so finish'd, so refin'd a piece?
The tongue denies it to old Rome and Greece ;
The Genius bids the moderns doubt their claim,
And slowly take possession of the fame.
But I nor know, nor care by whom 'twas writ,
Enough for me that 'tis from human wit ;
That soothes my pride : all glory in the pen
Which has done honour to the race of men.

But this have others done ; a like applause
An ancient and a modern ¹ Horace draws.
But they to glory by degrees arose,
Meridian lustre you, at once, disclose.
'Tis continence of mind, unknown before,
To write so well, and yet to write no more.
More bright renown can human nature claim,
Than to deserve, and fly immortal fame?

Next to the godlike praise of writing well,
Is on that praise with just delight to dwell.
O for some god my drooping soul to raise !
That I might imitate, as well as praise ;
For all commend : ev'n foes your fame confess ;
Nor would Augustus' age have priz'd it less ;
An age, which had not held its pride so long,
But for the want of so complete a song.

¹ Boileau.

A golden period shall from you commence ;
Peace shall be sign'd 'twixt wit and manly sense ;
Whether your genius or your rank they view,
The muses find their Halifax in you.
Like him succeed ! nor think my zeal is shown
For you : 'tis Britain's interest, not your own :
For lofty stations are but golden snares
Which tempt the great to fall in love with cares.

I would proceed ; but age has chill'd my vein ;
'Twas a short fever, and I'm cool again.
Though life I hate, methinks I could renew
Its tasteless, painful course, to sing of you.
When such the subject, who shall curb his flight ?
When such your genius, who shall dare to write ?
In pure respect I give my rhyming o'er,
And, to commend you most, commend no more.

Adieu, whoe'er thou art ! on death's pale coast
Ere long I'll talk thee o'er with Dryden's ghost ;
The bard will smile. A last, a long farewell !
Henceforth I hide me in my dusky cell ;
There wait the friendly stroke that sets me free,
And think of immortality and thee.—
My strains are number'd by the tuneful Nine ;
Each maid presents her thanks, and all present thee
mine.

THE
INSTALMENT.

MDCCXXVI.

TO THE
RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Quæsitam meritis. HOR.

WITH invocations some their breasts inflame ;
I need no muse, a Walpole is my theme.

Ye mighty dead ! ye garter'd sons of praise !
Our morning-stars ! our boast in former days !
Which hovering o'er, your purple wings display,
Lur'd by the pomp of this distinguish'd day,
Stoop and attend : by one the knee be bound,
One throw the mantle's crimson folds around ;
By that the sword on his proud thigh be plac'd,
This clasp the diamond girdle round his waist ;
His breast, with rays, let just Godolphin spread,
Wise Burleigh plant the plumage on his head,
And Edward own, since first he fix'd the race,
None press'd fair glory with a swifter pace.

When Fate would call some mighty genius forth,
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,

Or aid some favourite king's illustrious toil,
It bids his blood with generous ardour boil;
His blood, from Virtue's celebrated source,
Pour'd down the steep of time, a lengthen'd course !
That men prepar'd may just attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the scatter'd merits of his line,
Collected to a point, intensely shine.

See, Britain! see thy Walpole shine from far,
His azure ribbon and his radiant star;
A star that, with auspicious beams, shall guide
Thy vessel safe through Fortune's roughest tide.

If Peace still smiles, by this shall Commerce steer
A finish'd course, in triumph round the sphere,
And gathering tribute from each distant shore,
In Britain's lap the world's abundance pour.
If war's ordain'd, this star shall dart its beams
Through that black cloud which, rising from the
Thames,

With thunder form'd of Brunswick's wrath is sent
To claim the seas, and awe the continent:
This shall direct it where the bolt to throw,
A star for us, a comet to the foe.

At this the muse shall kindle and aspire:
My breast, O Walpole! glows with grateful fire;
The streams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refresh the dry domains of poësy.
My fortune shows, when arts are Walpole's care,
What slender worth forbids us to despair;
Be this thy partial smile from censure free,
'Twas meant for merit, though it fell on me.

Since Brunswick's smile has authoriz'd my muse
Chaste be her conduct, and sublime her views.
False praises are the whoredoms of the pen,
Which prostitute fair fame to worthless men.

This profanation of celestial fire
 Makes fools despise what wisdom should admire.
 Let those I praise to distant times be known,
 Not by their author's merit but their own.
 If others think the task is hard, to weed
 From verse rank flattery's vivacious seed,
 And rooted deep, one means must set them free :
 Patron ! and patriot ! let them sing of thee.

While vulgar trees ignoble honours wear,
 Nor those retain when winter chills the year,
 The generous orange, favourite of the sun,
 With vigorous charms can through the seasons
 run ;

Defies the storm with her tenacious green,
 And flowers and fruits in rival pomp are seen ;
 Where blossoms fall, still fairer blossoms spring,
 And midst their sweets the feather'd poets sing.

On Walpole, thus, may pleas'd Britannia view
 At once her ornament and profit too ;
 The fruit of service and the bloom of fame,
 Matur'd and gilded by the royal beam.
 He, when the nipping blasts of envy rise,
 Its guilt can pity, and its rage despise ;
 Let fall no honours, but, securely great,
 Unfaded holds the colour of his fate ;
 No winter knows, though ruffling factions press,
 By wisdom deeply rooted in success ;
 One glory shed, a brighter is display'd¹,
 And the charm'd Muses shelter in the shade.

O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
 In deep eternity to launch thy name !
 Thy name in view, no rights of verse I plead,
 But what chaste Truth indites old Times shall read :—

¹ Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.

‘ Behold ! a man of ancient faith and blood,
Which soon beat high for arts and public good ;
Whose glory great, but natural, appears,
The genuine growth of services and years ;
No sudden exhalation drawn on high,
And fondly gilt by partial majesty ;
One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease ;
One born to serve us, and yet born to please ;
Whom, while our rights in equal scales he lays,
The prince may trust, and yet the people praise ;
His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere ;
His counsel guides, his temper cheers our isle,
And, smiling, gives three kingdoms cause to smile.’

Joy then to Britain, bless’d with such a son ;
To Walpole joy ; by whom the prize is won ;
Who, nobly conscious, meets the smiles of Fate ;
True greatness lies in daring to be great.
Let dastard souls, in affectation, run
To shades, nor wear bright honours fairly won ;
Such men prefer, misled by false applause,
The pride of modesty, to virtue’s cause.
Honours which make the face of virtue fair,
’Tis great to merit, and ’tis wise to wear :
’Tis holding up the prize to public view,
Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new ;
Heightens the lustre of our age and clime,
And sheds rich seeds of worth for future time.

Proud chiefs, alone in fields of slaughter fam’d,
Of old this azure bloom of glory claim’d :
As when stern Ajax pour’d a purple flood,
The violet rose, fair daughter of his blood.
Now rival wisdom dares the wreath divide,
And both Minervas rise in equal pride,

Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne
Who shines illustrious not in wars alone.
Let fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes;
They coldly court desert who fame despise;
For what's ambition but fair Virtue's sail?
And what applause, but her propitious gale;
When, swell'd with that, she fleets before the wind
To glorious aims, as to the port design'd;
When chain'd, without it, to the labouring oar,
She toils! she pants! nor gains the flying shore;
From her sublime pursuits, or turn'd aside
By blasts of envy or by fortune's tide:
For one that has succeeded, ten are lost,
Of equal talents, ere they make the coast.

Then let renown to worth divine incite
With all her beams, but throw those beams aright.
Then merit droops, and genius downward tends,
When godlike glory, like our land, descends.
Custom the Garter long confin'd to few,
And gave to birth exalted virtue's due:
Walpole has thrown the proud inclosure down,
And hight desert embraces fair renown.
Though rivall'd, let the peerage smiling see
(Smiling in justice to their own decree)
This proud reward by majesty bestow'd
On worth like that whence first the peerage flow'd.
From frowns of fate Britannia's bliss to guard,
Let subjects merit, and let kings reward.
Gods are most gods by giving to excel,
And kings most like them by rewarding well.

Though strong the twanging nerve, and, drawn
Short is the winged arrow's upward flight; [aright,
But if an eagle it transfix on high,
Lodg'd in the wound it soars into the sky.

Thus while I sing thee with unequal lays,
And wound, perhaps, that worth I mean to praise,
Yet I transcend myself, I rise in fame,
Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.

No more; for in this dread suspense of fate
Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
Weigh peace and war; now Europe's eyes are bent
On mighty Brunswick for the great event:
Brunswick! of kings the terror or defence!
Who dares detain thee at a world's expense?

VERSES

OCCASIONED BY THAT FAMOUS PIECE OF THE CRUCIFIXION, DONE BY MICHAEL ANGELO¹.

WHILE his Redeemer on his canvass dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother weltering lies ;
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek and the distorted mien ;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines every spirit as it flies :
He studies torment ; dives in mortal woe ;
To rouse up every pang, repeats his blow ;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm, transplanting to his Saviour's face.
O glorious theft ! O nobly wicked draught !
With its full charge of death each feature fraught !
Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts, in horror lost.

¹ Who was falsely reported to have obtained leave to treat a malefactor, condemned to be broke upon the wheel, as he pleased, for this purpose : and then directed that the man should be stabbed in such parts of the body as he apprehended would occasion the most excruciating torture, that he might represent the agonies of death in the most natural manner.

AN HISTORICAL

EPILOGUE TO THE BROTHERS.

BY THE AUTHOR.

An Epilogue, through custom, is your right,
But ne'er, perhaps, was needful till this night.
To-night the virtuous falls, the guilty flies ;
Guilt's dreadful close our narrow scene denies.
In history's authentic record read,
What ample vengeance gluts Demetrius' shade !
Vengeance so great, that, when his tale is told,
With pity some ev'n Perseus may behold.

Perseus surviv'd, indeed, and fill'd the throne,
But ceaseless cares in conquest made him groan :
Nor reign'd he long ; from Rome swift thunder flew,
And headlong from his throne the tyrant threw :
Thrown headlong down, by Rome in triumph led,
For this night's deed his perjur'd bosom bled :
His brother's ghost each moment made him start,
And all his father's anguish rent his heart.

When, rob'd in black, his children round him hung,
And their rais'd arms in early sorrow wrung,
The younger smil'd, unconscious of their woe,
At which thy tears, O Rome ! began to flow ;
So sad the scene : what then must Perseus feel,
To see Jove's race attend the victor's wheel ?
To see the slaves of his worst foes increase
From such a source !—an emperor's embrace ;

He sicken'd soon to death : and, what is worse,
He well deserv'd, and felt, the coward's curse ;
Unpitied, scorn'd, insulted his last hour,
Far, far from home, and in a vassal's pow'r.
His pale cheek rested on his shameful chain,
No friend to mourn, no flatterer to feign :
No suit retards, no comfort soothes his doom,
And not one tear bedews a monarch's tomb.
Nor ends it thus.—Dire vengeance to complete,
His ancient empire falling, shares his fate.
His throne forgot ! his weeping country chain'd !
And nations ask—where Alexander reign'd.
As public woes a prince's crimes pursue,
So public blessings are his virtues' due.
Shout, Britons ! shout ;—auspicious fortune bless ;
And cry, ' Long live—our title to success !'

EPITAPH
ON
LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK¹,
IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

WHILST Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep,
This marble shall compel the brave to weep :
As men, as Britons, and as soldiers, mourn ;
'Tis dauntless, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.
Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great,
And ripe his worth, though immature his fate ;
Each tender grace that joy and love inspires,
Living, he mingled with his martial fires :
Dying, he bid Britannia's thunders roar ;
And Spain still felt him when he breath'd no more.

¹ A son of the Duke of St. Alban's ; born in 1711, and being regularly bred to the sea service, was appointed to the command of the Ludlow Castle in 1731. He was captain of the Prince Frederic at the attack on the harbour of Carthage in March, 1741, and lost his life, by having both his legs shot off.

FINIS.

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